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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



JULY 7, 1969



JUNE 17, 1974



OCT. 6, 1975



AUG. 30, 1976

In 26 years of publication, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's cover subjects have usually been very cooperative. But we owe a special debt of gratitude to the most obliging of them all, Yankee Rightfielder Reggie Jackson, the man on the front of this issue. To illustrate the cover story by William Nack (page 24), Photographer Walter Ioss Jr. followed Jackson around for a week and found him to be both photogenic and gracious. Jackson has always been something of a frankfurter, and Ioss noticed that he was adding a little extra relish last week. Just before a Sunday game against Kansas City at Yankee Stadium, Jackson wandered over to Ioss, who was positioned on the first-base side. "He asked me if there was anything else we needed," says Ioss, "so I told him, half-kiddingly, that we could use another home run, maybe two more. Reggie just nodded."

On Jackson's first at bat he hit Rich Gale's first pitch into the rightfield seats. In his second appearance he flew out to the warning track. As he passed Ioss on his way back to the dugout, Jackson apologized and promised to take Gale out of the park his next time up. However, Gale was removed from the game before Jackson got another chance at him. No matter. The first home run was all Ioss needed to capture the classic Jackson swat (see cover).

Jackson now has six SI covers—seven if you count his cameo on the 1977 Year in Sports issue. Reggie does. He has more solo appearances on the cover than any other baseball player. Pete Rose and Johnny Bench have seven covers apiece, but they shared several of theirs with other players.

Jackson has an almost uncanny sense of recall about each of his covers, starting with the first, on the July 7, 1969 issue. He was 23 then,

playing his second full season for the Oakland A's. "Neil Leifer took that one," Jackson remembers. "It was my 27th home run, off Jim Kaat of the Twins and the second of three in a row. Ted Kubiak hit a homer just before I came up and Sal Bando hit one just after. I was really proud of that cover. I sent 10 copies to Gary Walker, a buddy of mine in Arizona."

Five years elapsed before Jackson appeared up front again, this time under the billing SUPERDUPERSTAR for the June 17, 1974 issue. "I think that's the first time anyone was ever called a superduperstar," says Jackson. "Fred Kaplan took the picture. It was a swing and a miss, but they liked it and used it."

Jackson appeared next on the Oct. 6, 1975 cover under the billing FOUR IN A ROW, a reference to the A's try for a fourth straight pennant. "I'm not sure, but I think Heinz Klutemeier shot that one. [Nobody's perfect; it was Rich Clarkson.] The picture shows me going into the dugout at Fenway Park before the game. I was a little concerned about that one because I was using Sal Bando's Louisville Slugger during batting practice, and that's the bat I'm carrying in the picture. I had a contract with Adirondack to use their bats then. I thought they'd get mad, but they didn't. They just kidded me about it."

Jackson went to bat for Adirondack in his next cover shot, for the Aug. 30, 1976 issue, as a Baltimore Oriole. "I remember asking if I could get the Adirondack bat in the picture because I figured I owed them one. Manny Milten took that one, and I remember we worked very hard on it. We were in Minnesota on a Monday night."

Jackson's May 2, 1977 cover caused him some grief. "Neil Leifer shot that one, too, but it was a very distracting time for me," he says.

"The picture they used is almost the same one as the cover for 'SUPERDUPERSTAR,' a swing and a miss, only at a slightly different angle. People thought I was smiling in the picture, but it was a grimace rather than a smile." The billing on that last cover WAS CAN REGGIE JACKSON FIND LOVE AND HAPPINESS IN NEW YORK? The story in this issue finally answers the question.



FEBRUARY 1977



MAY 2, 1977

*Philip D. Harder*



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Bat Masterson: Illustration by

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# SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

## BORSCHT BELT HUMOR

The Moscow Olympics have been beset by boycotters, victory-ceremony demonstrations, criticism by dissidents, a gay-rights protest, complaints about censorship, allegations of police brutality, empty hotel rooms, judging controversies, reports of food poisoning, lousy weather and threatened defections of Afghan athletes. All this may be taking its toll on Soviet authorities. According to John Argue, a Los Angeles lawyer who was in Moscow in connection with his city's preparations for hosting the 1984 Games, the following joke was making the rounds of weary U.S.S.R. officials:

First Comrade: Did you hear what President Carter told Brezhnev?

Second Comrade: No, what?

First Comrade: If we don't get our troops out of Afghanistan, he'll make us host the '84 Games, too.

## PORTNOV'S COMPLAINT

Given the way things were going in Moscow, it was tempting to blame the Soviets for all sorts of awful things. Take, for instance, the brouhaha in the men's three-meter diving competition, in which the gold-medal hopes of Mexico's Carlos Girón soared when the host country's Aleksandr Portnov blew a 2½ reverse pike. But Portnov claimed he had been distracted by a burst of cheering from the adjoining swimming pool and was allowed to repeat the dive. He executed it smartly and went on to win the gold. That touched off a furor among Girón's countrymen back in Mexico, where police had to protect the U.S.S.R. embassy (page 42) and some outraged citizens called for the country to quit the Games to protest what was seen as a Soviet fix.

But in this case the Soviets were being unfairly blamed. The referee who gave Portnov a second chance was Swedish and, in fact, diving rules allow the granting of re-dives under such circumstances. When American diver Jennifer

Chandler blew a backward 2½ tuck because she was bothered by the booing and whistling of a savagely anti-U.S. crowd during the three-meter competition at the 1975 Pan-American Games, officials allowed her to repeat the dive. She did a better job on the re-dive and narrowly won the gold medal but not before being reduced to tears by the crowd's taunts. Those memorable Pan-Ams were held in Mexico City.

## CHANGE IN ATTITUDE

Under major league rules, a pitcher suspected of deliberately throwing at a batter ordinarily is warned after the first infraction, thrown out of the game after the second one. This protracted procedure is defended on the grounds that it's often difficult to divine whether a pitcher is throwing at a batter on purpose. But is it necessarily any easier to judge the pitcher's intent on a second knockdown pitch than on the first? By refusing to put teeth in its code, baseball's rulesmakers seem to be subscribing to the old notion that such pitches are simply "part of the game."

But many of today's ballplayers apparently consider it an expendable part. As this season's much-publicized baseball-related brawl demonstrates, batters and opposing pitchers are increasingly inclined to retaliate for flagrant knockdown pitches. There is also a greater tendency in all sports for on-field violence to land in the courts, as happened with the Forbes-Boucha altercation in the NHL, the Tomjanovich-Washington episode in the NBA and the Hackbart-Clark case in the NFL. Not to be outdone, baseball now has its Cowens-Farmer affair. This one came about when Detroit's Al Cowens grounded out during a game in Chicago on June 20 and charged the mound to attack White Sox Pitcher Ed Farmer, who had broken Cowens' jaw with a pitch 13 months earlier. Chicago authorities have since threatened to arrest Cowens for assault.

But baseball may be awakening to

the need for stiffer measures to police itself. SI has learned that National League President Chub Feeney and American League President Lee MacPhail sent a memo last week to field managers, general managers and umpire crew chiefs, clearing the way for umps to eject pitchers without first issuing warnings, which they presumably can do under their blanket authority to punish unsportsmanlike conduct. The memo decreed that from now on ejection could be called for "whenever there is some reason to believe a pitcher is trying to intimidate a hitter." As partial justification, it cited a dangerous "change in attitude" toward fighting among ballplayers.

## A STRANGE BRAND OF INDEPENDENCE

Besides hustling themselves up some familiar players (Austin Carr, Tom LaGarde and Kiki Vandeweghe) and a familiar coach (Dick Motta), the NBA's new franchise in Dallas has come up with a familiar nickname. It's the Mavericks, the same moniker proudly borne by the



teams, basketball included, at the University of Texas at Arlington, a not-so-small (enrollment: 20,000) school 15 miles west of Dallas. The coincidence in choice of nicknames doesn't sit too well with either UTA Athletic Director Bill Reeves ("My first response was disbelief, speechless disbelief") or many of the school's boosters, whose cars now sport bumper stickers reading, MAVERICKS, NOWHERE BUT UTA."

Somewhat lamely, Norm Sonju, gen-

continued

eral manager of the NBA club, insists he was unaware the nickname was used by the school, even though he had lived in the Dallas area for a year before it was selected. At any rate, he and other club officials say they have "no thought" of choosing another name, one of them adding, "Obviously, there have been two Cardinal teams in St. Louis." Yet, just as obviously, those two teams don't play the same sport. And it may be a little difficult for Dallas' NBA team to explain the duplication in nicknames in light of the fact that the word "maverick" has come to refer to—besides an unbranded calf—an independent cuss who insists on going his own way. In other words, by using somebody else's nickname, the Dallas Mavericks aren't being mavericks at all.

#### TALENT HUNT

No, not all the demonstrators who took to the streets when federal draft registration was reinstated across the country last week were expressing opposition. There also were pro-registration pickets, like the fellow seen carrying a placard outside the U.S. Post Office in Cincinnati. It read: **UNCLE SAM DRAFTS BETTER THAN THE BENGALS**.

#### NON-SEQUEL

And now for a follow-up to one of the biggest sports stories of the year (with apologies to **FOR THE RECORD**):

**FAILED TO SHOW** For the Diet Pepsi 10,000 meter race on July 5 in New York City, Rose Rice, who was the first woman to finish the 1989 Boston Marathon but was subsequently disqualified when it was determined that she had violated into the race near the end of the course. Evidently that she had cheated. Many vowed to exhibit her running prowess at the Diet Pepsi 10,000—but alas, was conspicuously absent from that event—and, as far as anyone knows, from all other races since then.

#### LATE BUT GREAT

The NFL's "Team of the 1970s" has been selected, and Oakland's Ray Guy is the top vote-getter, having been chosen as the decade's best punter on 24 of the 25 ballots cast by the Pro Football Hall of Fame's selection committee. The 25 other offensive, defensive, specialty-team and coaching choices included Quarterback Terry Bradshaw (who received 13 votes in a field otherwise so spread out that Roger Staubach and Ken Stabler tied for the second team with just three votes each), running backs O.J. Simpson and Walter Payton (Simpson had 22 votes, second only to Guy overall), tight end Dave Casper, wide receivers Lynn

Swann and Drew Pearson, safeties Ken Houston and Cliff Harris and Coach Don Shula (who got the nod over Chuck Noll, 11 to 9). The most impressive vote-getter, though, was Earl Campbell, who received eight votes to gain a berth as running back on the second team with Franco Harris. Campbell was so honored even though he played only two seasons in the decade, '78 and '79.

#### DOING THE CONTINENTAL

Founded in 1946, the Eastern League quickly became a refuge for NBA has-beens and never-weres, performing before often sparse crowds in high school gyms in an ever-changing cluster of small industrial cities in the Northeast. But the league survived and in recent years even managed to go nationwide, expanding into improbably far-flung locales and, often, new arenas. Along the way, it took on a new name, the Continental Basketball Association. Last season the CBA had teams in Anchorage, Honolulu, Bangor, Maine, Rochester and Utica, N.Y. and Scranton, Allentown and Lancaster, Pa. For next season Honolulu and Lancaster are out but there will be franchises in Billings and Great Falls, Mont., Philadelphia (the club there will be coached by former '76er star Hal Greer) and Lethbridge, Alberta. A team in Fresno, Calif. is also a possibility.

But there has remained one jarringly negative note. Because they received no compensation for the players they occasionally sent to the NBA, Eastern League clubs over the years accused the NBA of pirating its talent. In 1977 the NBA finally began paying the Eastern League a modest sum for referee development and last year started paying compensation for players. Yet, while 18 former Eastern League/CBA players are currently under NBA contract, including Billy Ray Bates, who went from the CBA's Maine Lumberjacks to the Portland Trail Blazers late last season and starred in the NBA playoffs, the arrangements with the NBA yielded a three-year total of just \$67,000.

Last week a new deal was worked out under which the NBA will pay the CBA \$190,000 for one season regardless of how many (or how few) CBA players it may sign. The NBA will be free to use CBA games for training referees and also for experimenting with new rules and equipment. Thus, all CBA courts will be equipped next season with

collapsible, spring-action rims that the NBA is eyeing as a possible antidote to Darryl Dawkins' backboard-smashing slam dunks. Another wrinkle that may be tried out during CBA games, electronically connecting refs' whistles to game clocks as an alternative to human timers, who all too often favor the home team. Although he stops short of referring to the CBA as any kind of NBA farm system, Joe Axelson, the NBA's director of operations, describes the expanding affiliation between the two leagues as "a very serious relationship."

#### THE BEAR & THE BRUM

Aleksandr Gornelsky, the Soviet Olympic basketball coach, was talking to SI's Paul Zimmerman last week about Gornelsky's elevation to his current position after the 1976 Olympics. The Soviets had been playing poorly under Coach Vladimir Kondrashin, and Gornelsky, who had coached the national team in the '60s, was called upon to correct the situation. "I was elected," he said. "All the other coaches told me, 'Please come back and work.'"

And Kondrashin?

"He didn't say anything," Gornelsky said. "Look, this is no problem. He went back to coach Spartak [a sports club] in Leningrad, not to Siberia. Coaches lose, they get fired. I talked to Larry Brown of UCLA. He's a good friend of mine. He says this happens all the time in the States, too."

#### THEY SAID IT

- Cesar Geronimo, Cincinnati Red outfielder, on becoming Nolan Ryan's 3,000th strikeout victim, just as he had been Bob Gibson's 3,000th in 1974: "I was just in the right place at the right time."
- Claude Humphrey, Philadelphia Eagle defensive end, bemoaning the scorching heat that awaited his arrival at training camp in West Chester, Pa.: "If God wanted it so hot, why did He invent people?"
- John O'Leary, Montreal Alouette running back, retiring because of a neck injury: "The doctors told me there are two things I can't do—play football or dive into empty swimming pools."
- Buddy Bell, Texas Ranger third baseman and son of onetime big league outfielder Gus Bell, pointing out Seattle Mariner Coach Vada Pinson to his son David: "That's the guy who took Grandpa's job."

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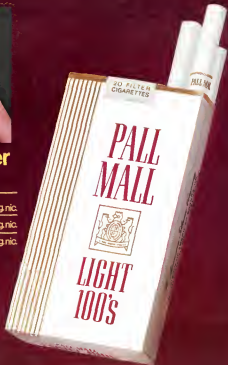


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# THEIR FINEST HOURS

*In the span of a single day Britain ruled the Moscow Games by capturing the 100 and 800 meters and decathlon*

by KENNY MOORE

Nikolai Kirov had one chance and he knew it. The jostling pack of nervous Olympic 800-meter finalists had passed 400 meters in a disappointingly slow 54.5 seconds. Around the first turn of the last lap, Kirov, a short man, ran outside the elbows of the leaders, Agberto Guimaraes of Brazil and David Warren of Great Britain. He knew that Warren's more celebrated compatriots, Sebastian Coe and Steve Ovett, were close behind him, and if he waited until the homestretch to kick, they would outprint him. He also knew that if he kicked on the backstretch with 250 meters to go, he would probably die in the last 50 meters. These were the Moscow Olympics. Kirov is a Soviet citizen. He kicked on the backstretch.

Kirov flew ahead at a point just beneath the windblown Olympic flame, and as he built his lead to two meters and then three, those in the crowd rooting for the U.S.S.R., perhaps 80,000 of the 100,000 filling the great bowl of Lenin Stadium, emitted a deep-throated roar, a sound subtly different from mass expressions of delight and encouragement in Western stadiums. There seemed a hunger in it, a more visceral need, because during the first three days of track and field competition in these boycott-thinned Olympics, the Soviets' men's team and that of East *continued*

*Ovett crosses the finish line of the 800 to win his tense duel with Coe (254), who produced too little too late*



Germany had not conducted their expected dual meet for the majority of the medals. Instead, a remarkable British team, perhaps the United Kingdom's strongest in Olympic history, had stood out as an island of eccentric individualism in a stolid, Eastern-bloc sea.

No Briton had won the Olympic 100-meter dash since Harold Abrahams did it in 1924. But when Allan Wells of Scotland, 28, a former long jumper trained in good part by his wife, Margot, won his quarterfinal in 10.11—a race in which defending champion Hasely Crawford of Trinidad was eliminated—he seemed to have a solid chance against Silvio Leonard of Cuba.

The final was run into a cold, gusting wind that shifted so often the flags at the stadium were furled about their poles. Leonard drew Lane 1. Crawford had won from there in Montreal. Wells was off the way across the track in Lane 8. Feeling that the wind was stronger on the outside, Wells bent into the blocks with anger. "The British always seem to draw the worst lanes," he said later.

The stadium was noisy because an event beloved among the Soviets, the triple jump, was in its last round. Once, Leonard, unable to hear the starter, rocked back and pointed across the track at the disturbance. Then the sprinters settled in once more. Before they came to the set position, another great cheer went up. On his last try the U.S.S.R.'s Viktor Sanyeyev had nearly equaled Al Oerter's record of winning a gold medal in four straight Olympics; he came up 4½" short and had to settle for the silver behind teammate Jaak Uudmae, who jumped 56'11½".

Any other starter would have called the sprinters up to relax and stretch while they waited for calm. This one kept them coiled in their crouch. It was a time for pose, and Wells had it. When the gun finally sounded he was away powerfully. After 50 meters he and Leonard were roughly even, having left the field a yard behind. Then Leonard seemed to float for a few strides. "I wasn't very attentive for a while," he would admit later. Wells crept into a slight lead.

Then Leonard came back. With five meters to go, Wells' margin had all but disappeared. He leaned desperately. Leonard didn't bother.

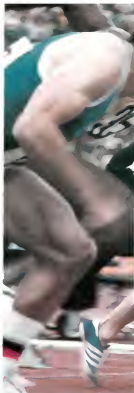
"God, I don't think I've done it," thought Wells as he slowed, seeing cameramen converge on the Cuban. But Leonard, even though he had raised a hand in triumph, wasn't sure either. Both would be given the same time, 10.25. Now they watched the grainy TV replay on the scoreboard. Wells' lean had brought his shoulders to the line just ahead of Leonard's chest.

"There is a Scottish tradition of hanging heads in the pubs on Saturday night when looped," said Margot as her husband took a victory lap. "It's called nutting. You try to get your forehead down and break the other man's nose. That must be the training that won it for him."

Soviet hopes in the decathlon were dashed by another blithe British spirit, one Daley Thompson. The son of a Nigerian mother and a Scottish father, Thompson gave up a promising career in soccer as a youth to concentrate on track, won the British Commonwealth Games decathlon in 1978 and just this May in Garmisch, Austria added five points to Bruce Jenner's world record with a score of 8,622. West Germany's Gundo Kratschmer subsequently raised the record to 8,649, but seeing that Kratschmer was a casualty of the boycott, Thompson's confidence, which was supreme, hardly seemed misplaced. "Well, I've been training for this for five years," he said. "I ought to be good at it."

He was the outright winner of the first two events, the 100 (10.62) and long jump (26' 3"), a leap surpassed by only two other British athletes ever, and at the end of the first day Thompson had 4,542 points, a record pace. But the morning of the second day was wet and raw. "I nearly got blown over while warming up for the hurdles," said Thompson. "I knew the record wasn't on, so I concentrated on what I came here for, winning."

To insure that he made an opening height as the pole vault—it is the decathlete's nightmare to labor through a day and a half only to miss his first three tries in the vault, thus scoring no points for the event—Thompson sawed a foot and a half from one of his poles and used a careful 10-step approach to clear 13' 5¾". Once safely on the board, he switched to a full-length pole and did 15' 5".



By the last event—the 1,500, which he despises—Thompson had a 280-point lead over the U.S.S.R.'s Yuri Kusenko. With Kusenko running a 4:26.6, Thompson could've lost by 46 seconds and still won the gold medal. He only lost by 17 and ended up with a total of 8,495. "There are 200 or 300 more points left in there," he said soon afterward on British TV, before he was bodily removed from the interview by officials who demanded his presence at a doping test. Perhaps that seemed rude to higher Soviet officials, for Thompson was allowed to return to say a few more words. He's a nice blend of candor and cheek. "What now?" he said when asked about his future. "Why films, blue mov-



Wells, fourth from the right in this semi, ran 10.25 in the final to beat Leonard of Cuba and become Britain's first gold medalist in the 100 since 1924.

yes, you give me the details and I'll do it." Momentarily serious, he said, "Sure I'd like to earn a million like Jenner, but I'd like to keep doing this, too. I'm an athlete first, and I'll try to get the most out of myself before leaving the sport for anything else. Certainly I'll be in L.A. in 1984. I'll only be 26 then, and this is all good fun, isn't it?"

Thompson even made it seem fun to be carted off to a van that would take him through the thick Russian night to the doping test back at the Olympic Village. But as the vehicle pulled away from a swarm of autograph-seekers, the decathlete's expression suddenly changed to one of concern. "What happened in the 800?" he called from the

window. "What happened to Seb ... ?" Just thus. As Kirov bolted down the backstretch, Ovett worked his way out of a box and charged after him. Coe, whose habit it is to run wide and thus preserve his tactical freedom, was in seventh. It was his plan, as the world-record holder and the fastest quartermiler in the field, to simply cover any moves made by the others and win in the stretch. Already, near the end of the first lap, he'd had a golden opportunity. Ovett had been sealed tightly against the rail. If Coe had begun a sustained drive then, Ovett couldn't have escaped to follow. But Coe stayed where he was. And finally Ovett pushed his way free.

Now, as the last turn approached,

Ovett closed on Kirov. The pack began to string out. Still, Coe stayed where he was. Here the race hung in balance.

Coe had to come to these, his first Olympics, with a clear, observant eye. He had seen that inevitable Olympic theme played out, the conclusion of careers. Saneyev departed with honor in the triple jump, while in the 10,000 Finland's Lasse Viren was forced to allow someone else to win for the first time since Mexico City in 1968. In a shifting tactical battle in which the lead changed hands some 50 times, Murat Yifter of Ethiopia won with his practiced, predictable kick over the last 300 meters, Viren fading to fifth.

Coe attempted to prepare for his races

*continued*



continued

by tuning out the cacophony during upon the British athletes, whose Olympic Association permitted them to attend over the protests of the Thatcher government. But try as he might, he couldn't escape the fact that the Games were unique in being Russian. From the thousands of security men stationed about the city—unnerving in how they stood stock-still in the woods of the Olympic Park, their heads hidden by low branches—to the way Tass altered an old interview of Coe's to fit the Soviet position, to the continual thanks the British athletes and officials received from the Soviets for coming to the Games and thereby, the Soviets felt, legitimizing them, Coe was assailed by politics. And the assault was joined by his own nation's press, which seemed determined for a while to match Soviet propaganda blow for blow. Reporters complained that positive remarks about anything Russian were being cut from their stories. "The question," said a sour Peter Coe, Sebastian's father and coach, "is

not whether sport and politics can be separated, but whether sport and tabloid journalism can ever mix."

Sipping tea in the Olympic Village courtyard, being eaten alive by the mosquitoes that found there, Sebastian ruminated on how long the grudges caused by the boycott will last. At the suggestion that the Games in Los Angeles might return the Olympic movement to better times, he looked up, startled. "You really think they'll be held?" he asked.

As he moved easily through his quarterfinal and semifinal heats, winning both, he was lifted by a letter from his younger sister, Emma. "Oh, do get some gold," she wrote, "it suits you so."

But gold is seized, and as the 800-meter finalists came out of the last turn, Overt, the daunting, remote Overt who, said one observer, seems to freeze his opponents with the force of his will, was out front and pulling away.

Coe was in fourth. He had 10 meters to make up. He had wanted too long. He ran down Guimares, and then the dying gambler Kirov, but he lost by half a second. More than that, he hadn't gained on the flying Overt in the last half of the stretch. Overt finished in 1:45.4, having run his last lap near 50 seconds flat. He darted around a restraining guard to have a word with his mother, Gay, and then stood on the victory stand aglow as the Olympic flag was raised in place of the Union Jack. The last time British athletes won as many as three gold medals in Olympic track was in 1964. Now they had three within 24 hours, and good prospects remaining in the 200 and 1,500. A group of British fans deliciously sang *God Save the Queen* and waved Union Jacks, and Soviet television held its cameras on their celebration throughout.

Overt declined to meet with the press, as is his custom, but he was overheard to say of Coe, "I hope no one writes of him as a failure." Coe dutifully allowed himself to be led before the assembled inquisitions. He seemed shrunken, for he needed no one to tell him his mistake. "I threw it away over the last lap," he said. "I simply didn't respond when the break was made at the front."

Peter Coe sat in the press bar, silent among his champagne-drinking countrymen. A silver medal moves him not a whit. "All that is left," he said, fastening on the only possible redemption, "is to win that bloody 1,500."

## ONE SLIP AND ALL WAS UPSIDE DOWN

by Ron Fimrite

She's bigger now, almost Wagnerian at 5'3" and 106 pounds in a sport populated by gnomes, but four years later the face is still familiar, a taut and chalk-white mask with enormous, tearless black eyes. The Carpathians could crumble at Nadia Comaneci's agile feet, and that ageless Romanian phiz would likely remain unchanged. The mountains, as far as she knew, were intact as she awaited her turn on the balance beam during last week's all-around women's gymnastics competition at the Moscow Games, but there had already been sufficient catastrophe to crack a less imper-turbable calm.

The night before, during the optional or noncompulsory part of the team competition, she was the individual high scorer when she mounted the uneven bars for her final event. Even had she scored the maximum 10 points, the Romanian team could not have overtaken the Soviets, who had locked up their eighth straight team gold medal in women's gymnastics, but Nadia decided to go for it anyway. She is a wonder on the bars, having scored three of her unprecedented seven 10s on them at the Montreal Games four years ago, when she was 15 and as tiny as her stunted competitors are today. And she was off to a fine start, dazzling the 10,000 fans in the Lenin Sports Palace with a flying spread-eagle turn off the top bar, in which she flings herself into a complete turn and then regains her grip on the bar. She executed one of these difficult maneuvers flawlessly and then, after a series of flights from upper to lower bar, she tried another. If she had succeeded and dismounted properly, a 10 would have been all but inevitable. The turn was perfect, but as she finished it her hands slipped from the bar. While thousands gasped, she fell to the mat.

It was as if Nicklaus had shanked a drive, or Borg had hit a forehand off the handle. Legends do not fall on their behinds. This one did. But she was on her

Decathlete champ Thompson is among for 84





feet quickly and, expression unchanged, completed her routine. One of her chief rivals, the U.S.S.R.'s Natalya (Shapo) Shaposhnikova, who is 19 and 4' 10", was performing her floor exercises when Nadia tumbled. Shapo has the look of someone who has just had her roller skates stolen, but she is an entertainer, and she left the floor waving her arms like a chorine at the moment of Nadia's humiliation. Shapo was given a 9.9, Nadia a 9.5. Nadia had literally fallen from first to fourth place among the competitors; now she was .150 of a point behind the leader, 15-year-old, 73-pound Maxi Gnauck of East Germany.

But you can't keep a good stoic down. Nadia steadily gained ground on her opponents the next night. A baby Garbo, she moved almost seductively through her floor exercises, interspersing a little funny-wiggling amid acrobatic double flips to score a near-perfect 9.95. She had a modest 9.75 on the vault, favoring a slightly turned left ankle, but she bounced back from her fall off the bars to score a 10 on that apparatus, a true measure of her grit.

So now she stood before the beam, her second straight all-around gold medal hanging, as it were, in the balance. Yelena Davydova of the Soviet Union, a 4' 7" 19-year-old, was the leader with 79.150 points, followed by Gnauck with 79.075 and Shaposhnikova with 79.025. A 9.95 would give Comaneci the gold.

Nadia began with a handstand, then a "walkover" (hand-aided flip) on the four-inch wide beam. She attempted a forward flip with a half twist, a move that's hers alone. In it she twists in midflight, so that when she alights she is looking back at the spot from which she started. The flip took her perilously near the edge of the beam, and she wobbled for an anxious moment. A slight flaw. But she completed her exercise with a spectacular series of flips, dismounting on a double-twist back flip. She took a tiny step backward upon landing—another small flaw—but the performance had the largely pro-Soviet crowd cheering and applauding. Comaneci stood before them, hands on nonexistent hips, while the Romanian patriots chanted, "Hey, hey, Nadec-ya!" The decision was now in the laps of the women judges.

Until this moment, the gymnastic competition had proceeded with little incident. It now descended into chaos. The audience murmured in anticipation, but



*Comaneci was on the beam on the beam, but her performance led to gymnastics' hottest dispute*

Nadia's points did not appear on the electronic scoreboard. The yellow-bloused judges were haggling among themselves on the floor, and the crowd began to whistle in disapproval. Head judge Maria Simionescu of Romania separated herself from the argument on the floor and joined another at the officials' table with Ellen Berger, a heroically proportioned East German who is the chief of the technical board of the International Gymnastics Federation (FIG) Federation President Yuri Titov of the U.S.S.R.

was the next combatant. For 28 minutes the judges and officials wrangled, marching back and forth between the table and the videotape machines. Finally, Kolos Nonus, a member of the Moscow Olympic organizing committee, stepped briskly to the computer normally operated by Simionescu as head judge and, while she glowered at him, punched out Nadia's score. As he did so, he was berated by the Romanian coach, Bela Karolyi, who had been arguing with everyone within earshot. The score came up *continued*



continues

9.85. The Sports Palace fairly exploded with Russian cheering and Romanian whistling. Nadia? She was expressionless, even when Davydova, who has a teen-ager's head on a 10-year-old body, stood above her—barely—to accept the gold. Nadia was obliged to share the silver with Gavruck.

In the final tally, judge Tzvetana Dimova of Bulgaria had given Nadia a 10 on the beam despite the two missteps, and judge Alena Proorokova of Czechoslovakia had given her a 9.9, but judges Ladia Konopla of Poland and Lidia Ivanova of the Soviet Union had awarded her 9.8s. In gymnastics scoring, the high and low scores are discounted and the middle two are averaged. This gave Na-

dia her 9.85, a figure head judge Simionescu decided was too low. Her complaint was considered by a panel of gymnastics officials and rejected on the spot. Unconvinced, Mrs. Simionescu refused to press the score into the computer. Natus did it for her.

The querulous Karolyi complained afterward of "injustice," concluding that the judges' action was "an arrangement to give low scores to Nadia." Whatever the arrangement, the ugly spectacle tainted what had been a brilliant competition. And there was more trouble the next evening: Simionescu and Berger clashed again during the individual apparatus competition when Simionescu argued that a 9.85 score awarded Shaposhnikova on the beam was too high. Berger said she regarded Simionescu's protest as evidence of unseemly nationalism. This delay required only six minutes, but little Shapo, who can look sour when everything is coming up roses, left the floor in high dudgeon before composing



When Nadia fell, so did her gymnastic reign.

herself for the award ceremony. Nadia got her first gold of the competition in the beam. Davydova got the silver and Shapo, despite what Simionescu regarded as a generous score, was awarded the bronze.

## RUSSIA GETS IN THE SWIM

Vladimir Salnikov has reduced competitive swimming to its essentials: "I like to swim fast," he says. "I like to go as fast as I can and then see whether it turns out to be a record or not. With that kind of an attitude, I am never disappointed."

Salnikov disappointed no one, much less himself, last week at the Moscow Olympic pool. He swam fast—fast enough, it turned out, not only to set a world record but also to break through an aquatic barrier, the 15-minute 1,500 meters, that had been considered as unassailable as the four-minute mile had been on land. There were swimmers who appeared capable of it: Brian Goodell of the U.S., who set the world record of 15:02.40 in the Montreal Olympics, was one of them. But no one had succeeded. Salnikov, a 20-year-old student at the Leningrad Institute for Physical Culture, had never done better than 15:03.99—until last week.

It seemed apparent from the start that he would have an extraordinary swim. He was a full second ahead of the field with a 58.53 first 100 and only .48 off the minute-per-hundred pace at 800 meters, at which point the crowd sensed that he had a chance for the record. A velvet Soviet flag appeared in the balcony and a Misha bear was roared high in the air.

As he approached the final 100, the arena was a cave of echoing cheers. He was at 14:00.22 for 1,400. A final burst would send

him through the barrier. He would have to do it on his own, though, for his nearest competitor, teammate Aleksei Chayev, was more than 14 seconds behind him. Exhorted by his countrymen, Salnikov turned the last 100 in an amazing 58.05. Briefly he stood at the end of the pool, waving to the crowd. Finally the winning time was flashed on the scoreboard: 14:58.27.

The 6'6", 157-pound Salnikov, the son of a sea captain, is no dour Russian. He is gregarious, and he wears his emotions on his face, which looks to be that of an American college boy, vintage late '50s to early '60s.

In fact, he and several other Soviet swimmers trained in Mission Viejo, Calif., for three weeks in 1976 and again for two weeks in 1978. "He and the rest came to my house for New Year's Eve," recalls Coach Mark Schubert. "It's a very big holiday in Russia, too. Salnikov spent most of the time translating to the other kids what was being said on TV."

"The biggest difference between the way they train and we do is that we do more quality swimming—emphasis on time—while his coach goes by pulse rate. In other words, instead of asking them to do a specific time, they'll do it by keeping predetermined pulse rates throughout a workout."

Uelike Schaben, Salnikov's coach Igor Koshkin, works in concert with a psychiatrist, one Gennadiy Gorbunov, who tends to the

inner workings of the Soviet swimmers. Salnikov likes the idea of having a postlude shrink. "Before every competition our coach and our psychiatrist pay special attention to us," he says. "Some swimmers need to read a book, others need to listen to music. Some need a conversation with Gorbunov, whose voice has a calming effect."

Psychiatrist or no, Salnikov has acquired considerable mental toughness since he finished fifth in the 1,500 at Montreal as a shy and callow 16-year-old American male freestyler, especially those competing in the longer distances, had long enjoyed an easy



Salnikov has the look of a Yaku, class of '58.

Comaneci also won a share of the gold in the floor exercises with the U.S.S.R.'s team captain, the lovely Nellie Kim. Once again Nadia performed brilliantly, and perhaps sensing a 10, she actually pined restlessly on the sidelines, waiting for the score. For a moment there was the suggestion of anxiety in those eyes. The score came up 9.90, and the Soviet team members showered affection on the apparent winner, Kim, who at 23 and with a mature woman's figure, could pass as their great-aunt. But when the final accounting appeared on the main scoreboard, Nadia's score was 9.95, which tied her with Kim. To the audience it seemed as if Simonescu had finally won one for Romania and gained retribution for the alleged slight of the previous evening. Actually, the lower score was the result of a computer malfunction. Berger explained later that a judge meant to press a 10 for Nadia but a 9.50 had come up. The correction was hastily made, but the newest fiasco left the crowd in a nasty

humor. This serene test of grace and agility had lacked only Billy Martin.

Kim took the loss of her solo win gracefully. The corrected score, she said, "was the right one. I do not know Nadia Comaneci, but I respect her as a sports-woman." Nadia will be almost Kim's age when and if there is another Olympics. She won "only" four medals in this one, two gold and two silver (to Shapo's two

gold and two bronze), as opposed to five, three gold, a silver and a bronze, in Montreal, so maybe age is catching up with her. Or maybe she is just involved in a sport that has an imperfect system for determining winners and losers. The night after the gymnastics competition ended, Comaneci went to the Moscow circus. Why she went is a mystery. She had been in one all week.

END

*Davidova of the USSR found gold when the judges refused to raise Comaneci's final marks.*



dominance of the sport until Salnikov surpassed them by winning both the 400 and the 1,500 in the 1978 World Championships in Berlin. In 1979 he was named Swimmer of the Year by *Swimming World* magazine, a unique honor for a Russian.

Salnikov is also the first swimmer to break eight minutes in the 800 meters, and he had, in fact, broken 15 in the 1,500 once before, but in a 25-meter pool, where the swimmer has the advantage of more catapulting turns than in the 50-meter Olympic pool. Last January he set the "short course" record of 14:52.06 at Bremen, West Germany, surpassing the record of 15:01.86, held by Bob Hacken of the U.S. He went for the regulation-pool record in the spring of 1979, but for once he swam too fast for his own good. He was clocked at 7:56.49 at 800 meters, breaking the record for that distance by almost five seconds, but the effort had drained him and he finished in 15:24.89.

Salnikov won three gold medals at Moscow, the others coming in the 400 free, in which he set an Olympic record of 3:51.31, just shy of his own world mark of 3:51.20, and as a member of the victorious Soviet 4x200 freestyle relay team.

His achievements are scarcely diminished by the absence of American swimmers in Moscow, although Salnikov believes he might have swum faster if they had been there. But he did well enough without their help. "I have swum 1,500 meters under 15 minutes," he said quietly. "Nobody has done that before."

—ANITA VERSCHOTTE

# OLD FACES IN NEW PLACES

*The Snake is loose in Houston, Dante could find another inferno in Oakland, and several other NFL stars are in unfamiliar uniforms* **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

Dinnertime had just given way to dusk, and the air was about to go out of another day at the Houston Oilers' training camp in San Angelo, Texas. On a TV set in the lobby of the team's dormitory, one of those low-budget thrillers about a lot of fish with ugly dispositions was playing on a cable channel. The film, entitled *Killer Fish*, had aroused little enthusiasm among the football players in the room—until a jut-jawed young actor named Dante Pastorini appeared on the screen. Suddenly everyone began paying serious attention. What made the Oiler players take notice was the fact that Pastorini had been Houston's starting quarterback for nine seasons, and presumably would've been in 1980, too, had he not been traded last March to Oakland for the Raiders' starting quarterback, Ken Stabler.

Pastorini's old teammates quickly discerned that he wasn't exactly stealing any scenes from his aquatic co-stars, but he did have one dramatic moment in the picture. His role called for him to dive in search of treasure in a lagoon that, as luck would have it, was lousy with piranha. After putting up a commendably brief struggle, Pastorini is vanquished by the fish. The last we see of Pastorini, he is going down for the third time; score a sack for the killer fish.

What added weight to this scene was that just as Pastorini was sinking out of sight on the tube, Stabler was pulling into the dormitory parking lot in his black Snakemobile, a Ford Bronco with the rear end jacked up over its huge tires like a cat with its back up. It was Stabler's first appearance in the Oilers' camp, and coming as it did so suddenly after Pastorini's cinematic demise, it seemed fairly fraught with symbolism. Just exactly what it meant no one could say, but in the NFL you take your symbolism where you find it and try not to ask any questions.

The exchange of Stabler, who is 34, for Pastorini, 31, was certainly the most noteworthy trade that occurred since Super Bowl XIV. But it wasn't the only one. As the veterans began reporting to

training camps around the league last week, there was a surprising abundance of old, familiar faces turning up in unfamiliar places. Trades, of course, aren't uncommon during that coffee break the NFL calls the off-season, but few years have produced deals for as many big-name players as 1980 has. In addition to the Pastorini-Stabler swap, there have been these eye-popping transactions.

● Oakland Managing General Partner Al Davis, trying to improve upon two

straight 9-7 seasons that weren't good enough to qualify the Raiders for the playoffs, picked up Running Back Kenny King from Houston in exchange for Free Safety Jack Tatum, a three-time All-Pro, and two seventh-round draft choices, one in '80, the other in '81.

● The Denver Broncos gave up their first- and second-round draft picks in this year's draft and Quarterback Craig Penrose for Quarterback Matt Robinson of the New York Jets. The Broncos, who

*The Rams gave McCutcheon the cold shoulder; now he's trying to add pop to Denver's running game.*





Robinson (17), who played behind Richard Todd with the Jets, has the opportunity of his career with the Broncos—if he can maneuver past Craig Morton

scored only 14 points in their final two games last season, also acquired Running Back Lawrence McCutcheon, a five-time All-Pro, from Los Angeles.

- The Rams, obviously expecting more great things from Wendell Tyler this year, also unloaded former Heisman Trophy winner John Cappelletti on San Diego. However, subsequently Tyler was in an auto accident and is expected to miss the first month of the season.

- New England acquired Running Back Chuck Foreman from Minnesota—and had to give up only its third-round draft pick in 1981 to get him. Once one of the best all-purpose backs in the NFL, Foreman was overweight and unhappy in Minnesota last year and wound up rushing for just 223 yards. Foreman has lost 21 pounds since he was traded in late April and seems ready to challenge for a starting spot.

- Conrad Dobler, a former All-Pro guard with St. Louis who had spent the past two seasons in New Orleans, was sent to Buffalo for a future draft choice. Dobler was once described as the meanest man in pro football, but arthritic knees have slowed him down and lately the meanest thing about him has been his contract,

which is in the \$125,000-a-year range.

The most momentous of these transactions, Stabler-Pastorini, was the first exchange of No. 1 quarterbacks by NFL teams since the Eagles sent Sonny Jurgensen to the Redskins for Norm Snead in 1964. The Raiders had been interested in Pastorini since before last season because of his strong arm, but it wasn't until the Oilers came up short against Pittsburgh in the AFC Championship game for the second year in a row that Houston Coach Bum Phillips decided to part with Pastorini. "We weren't looking for a better passer than Dan," says Phillips. "We were looking for a different passer, a more consistent intermediate-range passer who would fit in with our ball-control offense."

Stabler, who had been feuding with Davis, recovered from the worst season of his career in 1978—he threw 30 interceptions—with one of his best years in '79. But Davis and Oakland Coach Tom Flores had begun to feel that Stabler no longer was able to get the ball as deep as he once could. "We wanted to go back to pressure football and get away from the percentage game," says Davis. "From anywhere on the field continued



Foreman could be the Pats' foremost fullback



Stabler won't have to contend with Davis



and Oiler fans won't have Pastorini to boo

the first thing we're looking for is a touch-down, but Kenny had been going to a more lateral game and we were starting to give in to his style." Davis also believes that after 10 years in the Bay Area, the Snake was showing signs of losing interest. "Kenny was getting a little stale," Davis says. "We got him going last year by challenging him publicly. He needs something like that to motivate him."

Pastorini never lacked self-motivation—he has played with all manner of injuries over the years—but no matter how much courage or skill he displayed, the city of Houston never warmed up to him. "I guess I didn't do a good enough job there," Pastorini said last week at the Raiders' camp in Santa Rosa, Calif. "I just didn't fit in. I wasn't the kind of boy they wanted. I've read that the people in Houston feel they got the better end of the deal, and I guess they feel that getting Kenny is going to push them over that edge [into the Super Bowl]. Stabler's going into a situation where most of the city hated the guy he's replacing. I'm coming into a place where the guy I'm replacing was loved by just about everybody. In Houston I was the dog to kick. Still, you don't like to hear bad things about yourself, or at least I didn't, after giving a city nine of the toughest years of your life. When I walked away from it, it seemed like nobody gave a damn."

If the people of Houston never held Pastorini in high esteem, they have taken to his replacement Stabler is from the Alabama Gulf Coast and he can speak to Texans in their own language. One subject that seems to endlessly fascinate all Texans is Stabler's reputation as a hell-raiser. "I'd like to know why people are interested in my nightlife," Stabler says. "It's no different than anybody else's during training camp. Most evenings I'll just swing by the Christian Science reading room, pick up a good book, then swing by the Burger King and get some chow. After that I just head back to the dorm where I can kick back and read."

When Stabler isn't doing all those wonderfully exemplary things, which is most of the time, he can usually be found at either the Red Rooster Inn or the Santa Fe Junction, a couple of San Angelo honky-tonks where he goes to shoot pool and keep his finger on the pulse of the people, especially female people. He's working hard in training camp to get his

arm ready for the coming season and the really challenging bars in Houston.

Stabler's training program comes as no surprise to at least one other Oiler; Tatum watched him get ready the same way for the nine seasons they played together in Oakland. Like Stabler, Tatum is the kind of player the Oilers believe will help them wrest the AFC Central Division title from the Steelers. Tatum is always very quiet and unfailingly polite, except when he decides to turn the lights out on some ballcarrier, a process he described vividly in his recent autobiography, *They Call Me Assassin*. He will probably be used as the Oilers' fifth defensive back on passing downs, unless he tries to crank up any of his old vicious tackling routines, in which case they may call him assassin all right, but they may also call him suspended for life, seeing that the NFL has already told him he'll be subject to special scrutiny.

The Denver Broncos are hoping that this year they won't have to keep telling people their offense went to Aspen for the season. By not having to rely solely on their defensive unit to keep them in games, the Broncos hope to go far. Denver lost the AFC Western Division championship to San Diego 17-7 in its final regular-season game last year, and then lost to the Oilers 13-7 in the opening round of the playoffs. "I hated the way we faunted the 1979 season," says Bronco Coach Red Miller. "We just can't let that happen again." To make sure it doesn't, Miller has hired former Stanford Coach Rod Dowhower as offensive coordinator, and together they have installed a new quick-release passing game that should allow Robinson to take full advantage of his maneuverability and fast reflexes. The all but immobile Craig Morton, who has quarterbacked Denver for the past three seasons, reported to the Broncos' camp in Fort Collins, Colo. in excellent shape, but he's been unable to defend his job since being stricken with back spasms on the first day of workouts. For his part, Robinson has been unimpressive and obviously feeling pressure he never had to face when playing behind Richard Todd in New York.

"Everybody thinks it's going to be Matt, and that's good," says Morton. "That puts a lot of pressure on him, and that's what this position is all about. I'm counting on him. The fans are counting

# STICK IT TO 'EM, FREDDIE

on him. I want him to be good. He better be good. We gave up a lot to get him."

The two biggest steals of the off-season may turn out to have been for a pair of running backs who perhaps prematurely were given up for dead by their old teams. McCutcheon lost his starting job with the Rams to Tyler, who's nearly five years younger than he. But in the Denver ground game, which is geared toward the use of many running backs instead of just one, McCutcheon may find himself useful once again. "I feel like I've still got a lot of football left in me," he says.

Foreman, too, may have several big games in him. "This could be the best thing for my career," he says of the trade to New England. "The offensive line here is better than the one I ran behind during our Super Bowl years in Minnesota. If I get a chance to play a lot, I could probably have the best year I've ever had." With the Patriots' regular fullback, Sam Cunningham, still not in camp because of a contract dispute, Coach Ron Erhardt may give Foreman his chance. "When Chuck showed up at 211 pounds, which is where we wanted him, our situation was settled," says Erhardt. "We're going to give him the ball on first down at fullback. He's going to run the ball inside, he's going to block, he's going to catch passes. In short, we're going to turn him loose." At least until Cunningham returns.

Less certain is the fate that awaits Dobler in Buffalo, where he will have to beat out three other players—all younger than he—for the starting offensive guard position supposedly vacated by All-Pro Joe DeLamelleure, a no-show in camp, who is unhappy with Coach Chuck Knox and wants to be traded. Even with DeLamelleure last season, the Bills were last in the NFL in rushing offense, and Dobler doesn't move as well as he did when he was trying to bite off people's noses. "Knees are knees," said Buffalo Offensive Line Coach Ray Prochaska. "Once they're bad, they're bad. But he [Dobler] has said that while he's not as fast as he used to be, he thinks his speed is adequate." Then Prochaska pronounced words that hang over the head of every player who has been traded from one team to another: "Adequate for him and adequate for me may be different. We'll see."

END

The years show in his face: tired, watery eyes with crow's-feet, a forehead with a deep latticework of wrinkles and a scalp that has lost most of its thinning. As the uniform is peeled off, the body of an old warrior emerges: knobby, scarred knees and a mischievous without elastic. By all appearances, Fred Blitnickoff has had it as an athlete.

Ah, but not quite. At 37, after a year out of the game, the former star wide receiver of the Oakland Raiders is again running his celebrated, finely calibrated pass routes, feeling the slap of leather in his sticky hands once more, calmly rising to go back to the huddle after another hit by an embarrassed cornerback. The fourth-leading pass catcher in NFL history, Blitnickoff now plays for the Montreal Alouettes of the Canadian Football League.

In three games he has caught six passes for 75 yards and no touchdowns. He started fast, with five receptions in the first game, but since then, with defenses stacked against him and a quarterback, Joe Barnes, who is bothered by good pass rushing and a sore arm, the ball has been everywhere but in his hands.

Last week Blitnickoff was shut out as the Alouettes scored all their points in a rain-soaked fourth quarter and beat the Hamilton Tiger-Cats 17-14 for their first victory of the year. When the winning field goal was kicked with eight seconds remaining, the players stormed the field. All except Blitnickoff, who before joining the celebration, stopped to congratulate Coach Joe Scannella.

"He knew how much it meant to me," said Scannella. "I told him, 'I'm sorry we can't throw you the ball, Fred. But we're going to get it to you yet.'"

Last year when he was dropped by the Raiders, Blitnickoff, who once earned nearly \$200,000 a year, faced life without football for the first time in 14 years. At home in Valley Center, Calif., outside San Diego, he enjoyed being with his family, drew \$400 a month in unemployment benefits and waited for the telephone call that never came.

Then early this year Blitnickoff phoned Scannella about two young prospects. Blitnickoff had coached at a football camp. Scannella was the special teams coach for the Raiders when Blitnickoff was named Most Valuable Player in the 1977 Super Bowl. Scannella listened and said, "I'd rather have the teacher than the students." Blitnickoff thought it over and, a month later, signed.

Now he lives with his second wife, Jennifer, and 2-year-old daughter, Tracey, in a Montreal apartment. He does extra running every day to keep in shape, and he is still experimenting with playing on the larger Canadian football field. "To me he looks the same as he always did," says Scannella. "He's really taken to the team. The older guys love

him because he's older than they are. They see themselves playing until they're 37. That's what they want in life. Nobody ever wants to quit football." "I know what it's like to be out," says Blitnickoff. "It's lonely. One of the reasons I'm here is because I was told I couldn't play anymore, and I didn't believe that. And, also, it gives me a chance to be a human being again."

On the field Blitnickoff is a perfectionist, and he's a player who's ruled by well-established habit: who has found equipment that's right for him and sticks with it. After every series of downs, equipment manager Gordon Batty sticks three pieces of chewing gum in Blitnickoff's mouth and hands him a cup of water and a towel. Fred keeps his hands sticky by touching the blebs of a gummy substance he has smeared on carefully selected places on his uniform, and he uses shoulder pads that are so old he doesn't know their true age.

Blitnickoff has a special niche on the Alouettes—part teammate, part tutor, part legend. He volunteered for precision rookie camp, mostly to get in shape, but also to let people know he cared. Last week, after the Alouettes' win, he sat at his locker, sucking on his ever-present cigarette, in the midst of youthful enthusiasm, a man still playing a kid's game. His teammates chanted and sang. Blitnickoff may be an old face in a new city, but clearly he's in familiar surroundings.

—BARRY McDONNITT



The old magic is still in Blitnickoff's sure hands

# The Man Who Owns New York

After three years as the city's damned Yankee, Reggie Jackson is smashing home runs to rousing cheers on and off the field

by WILLIAM NACK

The burgundy and silver Rolls-Royce is moving north on Madison Avenue, slipping in and out of honking Harlem traffic. Only the air conditioner is blowing its cool. Music is playing in the Rolls, a woman is singing, and Reggie Jackson is sitting behind the wheel and humming along, looking and sounding like a man in total control of his world. And he is. Jackson is going where he wants to go most, to do what he does best. He is heading north to the Bronx and Yankee Stadium, to play a game of baseball.

"I'm just looking forward to getting there," Jackson says. "There's time to get your mind right, talk baseball, get pre-gamed. I want to get out to the ball park, get out there and fool around. I enjoy going to the ball park and playing baseball. Like, I like putting my 'uni' on. I like getting taped up. I like getting my hat and my glasses and my sweatband on. I like all that stuff. I like my number. I'm number 44, big number. It's neat. I like to lie around, shoot the bull, raise hell with the players. The guys. It's a game. Bull. . . I'm up, I'm fired up. I'm going to the ballpark to take my aggressions out. And when it's over, it's over. I have my Bud. Ride downtown. Go to a restaurant, go to McMullen's and get myself a piece of swordfish. Eat by myself. Relax. Drive through Central Park. Listening to music I like it here. I'm comfortable here."

It wasn't always so, of course. In Jackson's first season as a Yankee, 1977, the very idea that he would ever want to go to Yankee Stadium, that he would like playing ball there, seemed absurd. The simple prospect of going to that ball park, stepping into its coldness, filled him with unspeakable dread.

But now it is 1980, the middle of a new summer. The times and conditions have changed, and Jackson has changed, too, in the way he perceives himself in relation to those around him. He has found peace in his time. He can now enjoy his teammates' acceptance, even warmth, which helps explain why, although he is 34, the 13th season of his career could turn out to be Jackson's best.

Given the way he works at it, there is every reason to believe that the best of Jackson as a hitter has yet to be seen. "Each at bat is a pleasure to behold," says Charley Lau, the Yankee batting instructor. "He's getting better and better with age. The preparation, the discipline, the concentration. At bat after at bat after at bat. When everything is in place, in the proper sequence, he's awesome. In a season of 450 at bats, maybe 1,200 swings, you can only count on maybe 20 perfect swings a year. When he does it, I get goose pimples."

So do the pitchers who must face Reggie these days. As the week ended, Jackson had 28 homers, 75 runs batted in and nine game-winning RBIs. He was

hitting .304, and his slugging percentage of .632 led the league. And the Yankees, *his* Yankees, had the best record in baseball.

Jackson knows who he is, what he can do and what he must have to find happiness in Gotham. He has it all in his mind, organized like the numbers on a stat sheet. "I need 40 or 50 homers, and I need the club to win," he says. "Right now I need 50 more RBIs, 20 more dingers. And I'll keep a nice cool pace. Nice little gon's-on. Nobody bothers me. No ruffled feathers. Playoffs come around. Need one or two dingers. World Series comes. Need two or three more. We win. All over. Go see my old lady. Lay back. Drink some Budweiser. Work on my car. Spend some money at Christmas on my family. Read the Bible. Everybody has a nice time. Work out. Train. Do my running. Get ready. Go to spring training. Start the season again."

Voilà! It seems so easy now, a simple formula for contentment and calm. Indeed, life is simpler for Jackson these days, now that the tempest is behind him and has become a wind at his back, pushing him farther away from where he came. He came from Baltimore in the fall of 1976, mere weeks after the Yankees had won their first pennant in 12 years. And he came in a way that befitted the man who once said in jest that someone would name a candy bar after him if he ever played baseball in New York. He was a free agent, and he signed a five-year, \$2.9 million contract that made him the highest-paid player in the game, with hoopla and fanfare and a klieg-lighted press conference. The swashbuckler had arrived—glub, rich, confident, imposing. The established Yankees resented him, of course, and at spring training he felt a perceptible chill in the clubhouse.

But that coolness was nothing com-

continued

*Relaxing on the terrace of his apartment above Fifth Avenue, Jackson has the world at his feet*





pared with what came later. In spring training Jackson told a *Sport* magazine writer that the Yankees' star catcher, the late Thurman Munson, was jealous of him and coined a phrase that would haunt him for months. "I'm the straw that stirs the drink," Jackson said to the writer over beers at the Banana Boat in Fort Lauderdale. "It all comes back to me. Maybe I should say me and Munson, but really he doesn't enter into it. . . . Munson thinks he can be the straw that stirs the drink, but he can only stir it bad."

After the article was published early in the season, Fran Healy, the Yankees' backup catcher at the time, remembers Munson walking around the clubhouse holding the magazine in his hand, saying, "Can you believe this? Can you believe this?" Healy, who would become Jackson's closest friend in the tumultuous months that followed, said something about parts of the article being out of context. Healy recalls Munson's incredulous response as the funniest thing he ever heard the catcher say: "For four pages?"

The publication of the article, Jackson says now, was the worst thing that ever befell him as a Yankee, certainly worse than any other episode that first season. There was the day in Boston when Billy Martin yanked him out of rightfield because the manager felt he had loafed and had turned a single into a double. And as Jackson came into the dug-out, Martin tried to get at him on national TV. Charges of criminal harassment were leveled against Jackson by a 14-year-old boy who alleged Jackson had roughed him up outside the Stadium. He was found not guilty, but the episode left a mark just the same. And there was Jackson's benching in a playoff game with Kansas City.

Shunned by the players and humiliated by the manager, booed by the fans in a city he did not understand and subjected to endless comment on all these matters in the news media, Reggie withdrew into himself. "I didn't know how to talk to him," says Pitcher Ron Guadry. "He just didn't fit in with these guys. He was him and we were us."

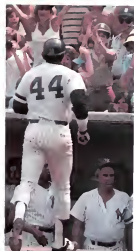
Looking back, Jackson says he reached his emotional low point one day in July when, numbed by it all, he sat down in the director's chair in the living room of his 20th-floor apartment, overlooking Central Park, and brooded. His girlfriend was there, but for four hours he said nothing. He stared out over the park at the

trees, wanting to leave, not wanting to be there anymore. He finally got up, still saying nothing, and went to his car. He broke down and wept on his way to the ball park. His girl left him a month later, unable to take the pressures of his life. Gary Walker, his agent and closest friend, accompanied him to the Stadium one afternoon and feared that Jackson would not make it. "Stiff, an enormous tension I've never seen before," Walker recalls. "Rigid facially, and he walked with a rigid gait. I would say he was on the verge of a mental breakdown."

The recollection of those days haunts Jackson yet. He is not comfortable talking about them. "It would sound like a madman talking," he says. "It was horror. I was afraid. I lost my confidence. I didn't know how to manipulate here, how to move around here, how to adjust. My mother and father couldn't go to games, couldn't deal with it. And I used to go places with friends I hadn't seen in months, and they'd say, 'What's happened to you? Who's this monster that's been created?' If it wasn't for Fran Healy, I'd have lost my mind. The Bible, Fran Healy and Gary Walker. But I couldn't quit. I couldn't give up. I was the center of the storm. It was every moment of every day. It was a coldness in the clubhouse, a coldness on the field, a coldness from the stands. Every day. Every day. I don't want it on my mind; I don't want those scars."

In retrospect, it is remarkable that Jackson even produced at all. But he did. If he had become uncertain on defense, the one facet of his game that antagonists could pick apart, he had a tremendous year at the plate—32 home runs, 110 runs batted in, 20 game-winning hits—carrying the team in the stretch drive, culminating the year on that glorious October night, when he hit three home runs in the sixth and final game of the World Series. "I always produced," he says. "I was always able to hit. I was in a position where, if I failed the fans and the press would have buried me. They getcha, boy. They don't let you escape with minor scratches and bruises. They put scars on you here. Come to the Big Apple and have a bite. I had to either learn to digest, or choke."

He not only learned, but he survived. Through a combination of circumstance, he has become the leader of a team on which, three years ago, he could not find a place to hide. Of course, the team



Every day is camera day when Reggie hits one

is different. Martin was fired in 1978, following a celebrated dispute in which he said of Jackson and Steinbrenner, "One is a born liar and the other is convicted." He was back again in 1979, and then he decked the marshmallow salesman and ended up in Oakland. Munson died in a plane crash last year, leaving a void in the leadership. Looking back, Jackson says, "I was glad we eventually got along." Even if they never became close, Munson and Jackson acquired enormous respect for one another.

Other veteran players were gone after last year, too—Catfish Hunter, Roy White, Mickey Rivers and Chris Chambliss among them—so it was a different club that gathered in Fort Lauderdale this spring. It was a younger team, for one thing, and Jackson found to his pleasure that Martin's successor, Dick Howser, managed in a low key way. Jackson arrived two days late for training, a mistake that might have led to acrimony two years before, but Howser simply called him in, fined him \$1,000 and told him to get dressed. "He didn't blow it out of proportion," Jackson says.

Jackson found Howser to be a manager who talked to him, consulted with him and assumed he was a leader. All the old tensions were gone and, with them, all the pressures they'd created. Jackson will not talk publicly about Martin—he be-



sign. Just as Jackson had hoped, the next pitch was down the pipe, and he mashed it for a game-winning home run.

"You've heard what he said, 'I'm the straw that stirs the drink.'" Second Baseman Willie Randolph says. "He believes that. It keeps him going. He believes he's the leader, and that's the way he carries himself. He leads by example—by going out and coming through."

Jackson has made his imprint in other ways, too. As the team's elected player representative, he provided decisive leadership in the recent contract negotiations. He has been especially helpful to young players like Rick Cerone, who replaced Mamon as catcher. After being dropped in a game against Cleveland, Cerone was looking for a base hit to retaliate. "I wanted a hit so bad," he says. When he swung low on a pitch and popped it up, he threw down his bat and walked to the dugout, not bothering to run it out. Jackson watched from the dugout but said nothing, waiting for the right time. At the hotel that night, Jackson quietly told Cerone that he understood how he felt. Few in the game today have been thrown at as often as Jackson. "You got a great thing going here," Jackson said. "You're doing a good job. You don't want to mess it up with one at bat."

But the man's strongest and most abiding impact, which is even greater than his presence in the clubhouse, has issued from the left side of home plate. He still crushes home runs, sending most of them in arcs high and far into right center, but there is a difference now, too. And he thanks Martin for it. Last year, when Bob Lemon was fired and Martin rehired, Jackson redoubled his efforts at the plate, working on his preparation, his concentration, his discipline and pitch selection. "I really wanted to apply myself after Billy came back," Jackson says. "I really wanted to do well. I didn't want anyone to say I wasn't playing well for him. That was part of the reason I improved, that along with working with Charley Lau." In fact, last year he had 29 home runs and hit .297, his highest average ever.

Those with a bias for comparison have seen the difference. "He was a dead pull hitter when I pitched against him when he was at Oakland and I was with the White Sox," says teammate Tommy John. "Now he'll go the other way for his base hit. And he's more patient. That's the mark of a mature ballplayer, a confident ballplayer."

Jackson has always been a hitter, and his hitting made him a leader, if only by example on the field. But he seemed to lack a sense that he really belonged. This year, however, he has struck an uneasy peace with the city. "Understanding what it is about has helped a great deal," he says. "Playing here four years helps you learn that. It's a fickle town, a tough town. I don't feel loved here. I've almost forced them Reggie Jackson. As soon as my star tarnishes, they'll turn away. That's what I believe. I think that, deep down, if I stay here to play, it's gonna haunt me one day."

For now, though, he has made his accommodations, having long ago traced with meticulous care the geometry of a world in which he feels safe. He rarely ventures out of it when he is in New York. It runs from his apartment, where he lives alone and makes his bed, to a nearby diner, where he has breakfast. He walks home. He makes a few calls—to Walker or his girl in California, perhaps—and naps. He waters his plants and makes a jug of tea and plays music. Mary Williams, his housekeeper, comes in and cooks his dinner. He likes rice and greens.

"With greens and rice, I don't leave 'em on the warning track," he says. Mary's voice sings back. "I watch 'em. I say, 'There goes the greens'." At four or so he drives up Madison to the Stadium. He sits in the clubhouse and talks to the guys. He steps to the plate. With one whiplash swing he crushes a home run into the seats in right center and brings 30,000 people to their feet roaring "Reggie! Reggie!" As he pulls out of the parking lot after a game, a flock of children presses to the windows of his Rolls and yells his name. He says, "Please don't touch." He drives away along a deserted back street. He goes to a restaurant, where he dines alone, and then takes a ride through Central Park. At times, he says, when the park is closed to cars, a policeman might move the barriers for the price of an autograph. He is home before two almost every night.

Reggie Jackson owns this town, as only athletes can own a town, but he doesn't know how to take possession. For all he has heard and seen, for all the time he has spent there, New York still baffles him. "I just don't know, honestly, what they really want me to be here," he says.

But surely there must be nights when he's alone and the answer echoes in his ears: "REG-GIE! REG-GIE!"

heves that Martin will be back in New York one day—but he's an unabashed Howser fan. "He's got a nice feeling of calm over the ball club," Reggie says. "He really likes everyone alone. He listens to what I have to say. He has given me peace. I like to play for the guy."

That he likes to play the game again is evident to every player who has known him since he came to New York. Gundry says Jackson is no longer the remote figure who sat alone and existed only on paper. "Now that's all changed. Now he's more outgoing, more open to everybody. He's not by himself anymore. It's been a gradual change over the last year, but it's more evident this season."

The Yankees' first-base coach, former Cleveland manager Jeff Torborg, knew all about "Mr. October" and all about his hitting under pressure, but still knowing all that, he never really knew. "I've played against him, coached against him and managed against him," Torborg says, "but I never knew what a money player he is. I should have known, but I didn't." Torborg has also discovered a tactical side to Jackson unfamiliar to most people. Last May 31, for instance, Toronto's Joey McLaughlin had run the count to 3-0 on Jackson when Reggie stepped out of the box, looked angrily at the third-base coach, then angrily at Derek Howser in the dugout, as if protesting the take



Betty Cook, the only woman driver in the machismo world of offshore powerboat racing, is also the reigning world and American champion

## ANY MORE QUESTIONS, FELLAS?

by BOB OTTUM

The wind was in full cry and the seas were stacked overhead, angry waves with white claws curling down from their tops. Her Scarab had been thrashing along for some 95 miles when suddenly, after leaping off the top of one wave, the boat drilled the next one. Inside the wave there was a flash impression of a perfectly quiet green world. But the impact had slammed the driver's head back against the hatch and now, upon coming out the other side, her head was whipped forward into the wheel. A few moments later the inside of the face mask of her crash helmet was being coated with a strange red fog—she was exhaling blood from several cuts inside her mouth. She tried to hold her head still, but it started nodding uncontrollably from exhaustion, as if she were greeting each wave. Despair was closing in; winning the race would be nice, she figured, but getting the hell out of all this would be better. And it was at that moment, from high atop another crest, that the last check boat and the harbor came into view.

That kind of adventure is called offshore powerboat racing, and this episode occurred off Key West on a particularly lousy November day in 1977. The racing nuts who were standing on the dock that day, waiting for the boats to come home, swear that there were whitecaps inside their glasses of gin and tonic and that the beer was sloshing back and forth

in the big paper cups. They say this with great glee. The nastier the weather and sea, the more offshore fans love it. And so, as the 38-foot Kaama came bubbling up to the dock, they toasted a woman who was still too wobbly to climb out of the cockpit. They watched her tug off her crash helmet and nodded approvingly at her swollen mouth.

"Where is everybody?" Betty Cook asked.

Good question. Race officials yelled to Cook that she was the first one in; the other boats were still out there in the murk. They also noted that she was now the new open-class world champion, having averaged a surprising 54.9 mph going over, under and through that wild sea. In fact, the next boat didn't finish for another 21 minutes, and after that only three more of the nine starters in the top class came in, seven of 19 in the entire fleet. This was considered a near-perfect climax to a miserably perfect day. At the cocktail party that evening, the racers turned out in bandage and sling—the formal wear of this sport—hugging each other and hollering and whooping while their bruises deepened into rich purples. Betty Cook included.

Looking back on it now, a little over two and a half years later, one can see that it was the being included that was important. Not that Betty Cook had sud-

denly become just one of the guys—she is far too crafty and feminine for that—but winning that 1977 race was a graduation day of sorts. It established her as a force in the sport; none of this sweet-little-old-me-against-the-great-big-you stuff, but someone to be reckoned with as an equal on a hull-to-hull basis. Offshore powerboat racing hasn't been the same since.

After all, here was a sport that relied its pure-guts, masculine image, an activity populated by boats carrying gritty names like Thunderball and Villain and Intimidator and Bounty Hunter. And what was this? Kaama? A boat named after an African antelope? As if that wasn't bad enough, apparently a lady African antelope. The boat's foredeck featured a stylized creature with long, graceful neck, nicely curled horns and, well, eyelashes. And beneath that a red heart, you guys. The racers could only nod mutely when Cook explained that she had picked the name from The New York Times crossword puzzle and that she had picked the logo simply because she liked it. Any more questions, fellas?

A necklace encrusted with diamonds in the shape of an anchor now commemorates that 1977 victory. Cook wears it constantly, along with a small gold pendant spelling out Kaama and another gold chain punctuated here and there with more diamonds. An oval diamond ring on one finger could be used as a sea anchor in an emergency. With every little move Cook sends sharp beams of light into the dark corners of rooms. All of this is combined in the best possible

continued

At her Newport Beach engineering shop Cook smiles demurely amid thousands of horsepower

throwaway manner with over-the-counter blouses and faded blue jeans and beat-up boat shoes.

Yet nothing is overdone. In fact, Cook's attire is conservative. Offshore racing is an exotic sport full of folks who are restlessly brave and wealthy and like to prove it to each other. The men tend to talk in capital letters and bold italics, and most of them wear more jewelry than Cook. If dropped over the side without a life jacket, many racers would sink without a bubble.

"Well, it is an exuberant sport," Cook says. "Ocean powerboat racers seem to vibrate with life. They operate in a dangerous element, and they come back full of a special verve. You can't merely shake hands with a boat racer; they're touchers. They grab and hug. It's strange; we've found that we can't stage a typical sit-down awards banquet with these people. They won't sit down, and they can't sit still. They're constantly up, pounding on each other and shouting. A speaker

has a hard time being heard over the din."

These conversations, carried on at full voice across crowded rooms, contain also a biting camaraderie.

"Hey, Don I saw you racin' today, and I think I've spotted yer problem."

"Oh, yeah? What's that?"

"You don't understand that the pointy end goes in front!" Har, har, har.

Through all of this, Cook is the quiet one. When she is suited up in her emotional armor, which is most of the time, there is no telling what's going on behind those ash-blond bangs and ingenuous smile. In the bluish, smoky haze of cocktail parties, glimpsed in a roomful of men in racing jackets, she looks remarkably like June Allyson. No, not the June Allyson of 1948, of *Words and Music*, but June Allyson now. They are both in their late 50s—Cook is 58, Allyson 56. They are also of a size. Cook is 5' 4" and weighs 115 pounds. She glows with a tan that might be called California burnish. Men find her irresistible. They

sweep her off her feet in giant hugs, holding her up perhaps longer than is necessary. She gets a great deal of big-brotherly smooches which she deflects with just the slightest move of her head so that the incoming kiss usually lands on an eyebrow. In a group she nods animatedly, vodka-orange in one hand and cigarette in the other, and talks Offshore Racing, which is a foreign language, like Urdu. But she is always in control.

Cook has won four titles: world champion in 1977 and 1979, U.S. champion in 1978 and '79. After six races so far this season, she is third in the U.S. standings, having been a close second until the Benihana Grand Prix, in which her boat started coming apart off New Jersey. She also runs three interlocking businesses devoted to going fast over water, and she campaigns two boats—no waiting. Both are open-class monsters under the rather loose definitions of the American Powerboat Association. They are powered by engines that were born into



Cook steers her 38' catamaran from the port side, while navigator Vogel sits behind her and throttleman Connor controls the engines from the starboard hull.

this world as stock MerCruisers but come out of Cook's engineering shop near Newport Beach, Calif., so full of added muscle that they are fearful to behold. Each engine resembles the Wurlitzer pipe organ at Radio City Music Hall and is said to be worth about \$25,000—but exact costs are hidden under Research and Development. One boat is a 38-foot Searab with a deep-V hull and the other is a 38-foot Cougar catamaran whose twin 482-cu.-in. engines spit out more than 700 hp each.

The catamaran is capable of 100-plus mph in just the right water—thrashing upwind in a moderate chop, its tunnel hull riding on a cushion of air—but the precise top speed is a trade secret, and Cook goes glassy-eyed whenever the subject is mentioned. "Well," she says, "once you get over 80 miles an hour on water, it's all fast. In fact, it's awesome." But for the record, in the first race of this season, on Louisiana's Lake Pontchartrain, Cook's catamaran whooped away from the fleet at 90 mph and won over a 206.8-mile course at an average speed of 86.8 mph, a U.S. record.

Cook's crew consists of fellow-Californians John Connor, 35, who handles the throttles, and navigator Bill Vogel Jr., 24, a Mammoth Mountain ski patrolman in winter. They race in tense, perfect harmony, giving hand signals and barking brief alerts over their helmet intercoms. "There's no extra chatter," Cook says. "It would be too confusing at that speed. To correct our course, Bill might say, 'Port, port, good.' That's all. If there's something in the water ahead, he'll simply say, 'Junk.' And whoever spots the next checkpoint will yell, 'I got it' and point it out. That's it."

Well, that's more or less it. All three jobs call for a delicate touch under impossible conditions, but handling the boat may be the toughest of all. Veteran ocean racers are agreed that there is a ton of difference between steering a boat and driving it, one false move at the wheel will turn the world upside down. "Ideally, when you take off from the top of a wave you want to land keel first," Cook says dryly. "No corrections in midair, please. You have to dig the boat out of certain swells and guide it back up on plane. Let's put it this way: the idea is to keep the boat from hurting itself."

And all of this is happening to a slight woman whose mother wouldn't let her

have a bicycle until she was 16 years old because it was too dangerous. As a child in Glens Falls, N.Y., Betty, then Betty Young, started ballet lessons at five, which delighted Mom, and lived a secret childhood as a shortstop on the sandlot baseball team—which really delighted dad. This double existence involved going to great lengths to hide her cuts and scrapes, "which would have made my mother frantic with worry; she was like that." But the combination of activities produced a special resilience that Cook still has today, deceptively so, because she looks so dainty. Early on racing mornings nowadays, at a gray hour when some drivers are still wondering if perhaps the Searagm Building had fallen on them the night before, Cook is up and exercising. She combines lute, catlike ballet movements with the more familiar stuff, push-ups and sit-ups, with the intensity of someone who is about to go out and fight Roberto Duran for the title. Yet when she appears at dockside, tiny and shapely inside a bright orange jumpsuit and trailing the faint and elusive smell of an excellent perfume, there is no hint of iron in her manner. No wonder her competitors can't figure her out.

Tough Bernie Little, a racing commissioner, owner of the two *McHefeb Light* boats and one of Cook's fiercest opponents, is full of admiration. "Listen," he says. "I've flown over Kaena in rough water you wouldn't take a battleship out in. And I've seen her boat bounced so hard that she hit the floor. No, I don't mean the deck. I mean driven right down into the floor, like some giant pile driver had whopped her atop of the head. And she pops right back up and goes on driving. I mean, you gotta hand it to that little lady."

Still, there was a time when none of this had seemed remotely possible for that little lady. After her childhood in upstate New York, life was routine for years before it became dangerously glamorous. It was a pretty typical success story: as a screenplay, Hollywood would have turned it down for lack of thrills. Betty Young earned a bachelor's degree in political science at Boston U., then moved on to further studies at MIT, where she met and married fellow-student Paul Cook. "I got the usual PHT degree," she says. "That is, Putting Hubby Through college by taking a job at MIT's nuclear science lab." After that, in rough se-

quence, the Cooks adopted two sons, Eugene, now 36, and Gavin, now 25, and somewhere in the routine of PTA and mowing lawns and baking brownies and moving to California (where Paul got into chemicals, as they say), the Cooks became wealthy. More correctly, hugely, enormously wealthy. And then came the day that was to change Betty Cook's life.

When she talks about it now, speaking first in her husky, slightly smoky voice, she draws pictures in the air with her hands. "It was on a May morning in 1974," she says. "Paul had been racing boats as a hobby. We used our yacht as a check boat; my role was to act as hostess and serve drinks and sandwiches."

"But then Don Pruitt, an ex-racer and manager of the Kudu team, convinced me that I should try racing. We used one of our raceboats, a 30-foot Bertram named *Mongoose*, and Pruitt kept telling me how very easy it was: 'Here are the ignition keys. Got that?'

'Keys Right. Got it.'

'And here are the throttles.'

'Right. Throttles. What are these other switches?'

'Never mind the other switches.'"

She eased the *Mongoose* out of a 50-foot-wide slip (Cook says, "Like this!"), and somehow managed to bounce the boat off both sides. And then Pruitt gave her the three most important secrets of all powerboat racing: "One: never turn on the top of a wave. Two: never let go of the throttles. Three: always run in green water; that is, stay the hell away from the wakes of other boats."

Three days later, with husband Paul riding shotgun, Cook won her rookie race, a dash from Long Beach to the Newport Beach buoy and back, total distance 60 miles. She averaged 40 mph "in a boat that was capable of 80," she says. She also won four trophies: first in class, second rookie, first woman, plus one for having the cleanest socks among the drivers—boat racers like zany categories.

Cook's life has indeed changed. Everything is more intense now. The speeds, the rewards—and the risks—have all gone up. For better or worse, she is now playing a high-stakes game with the big people. Figure more than a quarter-million dollars to buy and campaign an offshore boat for one season. Figure on blowing up a lot of equipment en route to the title. As one mechanic says, "Seems every time you turn around

continued

you've got to open a new can of engines." No wonder the laughter of offshore racers sometimes seems tinged with hysteria. Racing is a matter of seize the moment and shake it with all your might. What comes out of it, as in auto racing, is a gradual improvement of the breed.

Cook's three interlocked companies are converting the lessons of racing into improved hull designs, engines and drive systems for non-millionaire boaters. In Florida, Wellcraft is producing what amounts to Betty Cook signature-model Scarabs, complete with MerCruiser-Cook engines, including the ante-lope emblem, eyelashes and all, if the customer wants. Inside the shop at Newport Beach is a secret test boat with a single diesel engine and an even more secret two-speed transmission that promises mysterious, unnamed advantages over conventional transmissions. A couple of governments, ours included, are interested in the boat for coast-patrol use. "The first one to come up with a really high-performance diesel boat wins this game," Cook says, "and we have the finest, most inventive minds in nautical technology working at Kaama Engineering. Off-shore racing is the ultimate shake-table test."

And so Cook races on. She has made the transition from housewife and check-boat hostess gracefully, as befits a former ballet student. Behind her animated exterior and beneath the ash-blond bangs she even manages to mask her irritation at being constantly referred to as a racing grandma. It is indeed true that her son Eugene has three children—it happens in the best of families—but well-meaning or otherwise, it seems that nobody in the press can bear to pass up this bit of biological trivia that has absolutely nothing to do with her racing. It strikes even on historic moments: on Aug. 29, 1978, Cook and crew raced the Scarab Kaama over the 230 miles from Cowes to Torquay and back, off the coast of England, slamming along in a course-record 77.42-mph average, and the *London Daily Express* headlined its story: U.S. GRAMME POWERS WAY TO WIN RACE.

"One cannot help but notice the irony in this," she says wryly. "Many of the men I race against are grandfathers, in fact. But when have you ever heard about

'Racing Grandpa Wins Race'? Ah, well."

Besides, at full blast there is no hint of any grandmotherliness in Cook, she has been shaken loopy-legged in several races and once was knocked unconscious for three minutes. Connor eased up slightly on the throttles and Vogel kept an eye on the course until she finally shook her head groggily and gave them the thumbs up. Another time, Kaama executed a memorable entrechat, and the landing jammed Cook's elbow into her ribs. Snap, snap. "I tried gesturing and shouting to John to tell him my ribs were

such thing on the cutter. "So someone pulled a big slab of frozen bacon out of the ship's freezer," she says. "I took it and hugged it tightly against me like a teddy bear." Not long after that she was whisked away to a hospital by helicopter—regretfully leaving the bacon behind—and that same evening, walking gingerly and fending off all huggers, she showed up at the awards banquet in an off-the-shoulder evening gown to congratulate the winners.

That sort of steely dedication, plus the technical advances she has brought to the sport, have accorded Cook full acceptance and affection in what was once a man's preserve. Before that 1977 Key West race in which she won the world title, a throttleman named Jack Stuteville had looked out at the surging ocean and growled, "It'll get down to who has the most hair on his chest." And Joey Ippolito, 29, of *Michelin Light*, once told *Motorboat magazine*, "What am I supposed to do? Beat up on her because she won?" But a few weeks ago Ippolito said, "She's all precision; she's smart enough to keep her equipment *living*. You've got to figure on her finishing what she starts."

Cook takes it all in what might be called dainty stride ("After all, I don't have a male ego to feed"), never accepting full credit and always thoughtfully stressing the teamwork involved in winning. She and her husband have lived apart for the past five years, though it is a benign separation, with each one proud of the other's accomplishments. Cook lives alone in an expensive house on an expensive private island in Newport Harbor, concentrating fully on the jobs at hand: running the three businesses, supervising the technology that may one day change boating—and racing. "It's still a world of wonders for me," she says in her marvelous, throaty voice. She grows more animated, sketching in the air again. "Whenever we win a race I still jump up and down in the cockpit. I say, 'Gee! Did I do that?'"

Listening, watching the pictures take shape in the air, one realizes that there is no Pollyanna or Little Orphan Annie in Betty Cook—there is nothing artificial about her sense of wonder. She sure enough *did* do all that.



Cook trops out her monstroll when the water gets rough

broken," she says, "but in those heavy seas, he didn't catch it. So we went slamming on. Then we blew an engine and stopped. The pain was terrible. I kept sinking out of sight, sort of slithering down through the bolsters that wedge me into the cockpit. Finally a Coast Guard cutter picked me up off the Kaama, and someone propped me half upright on a pile of life jackets. I kept wafting gently in and out of consciousness." (Cook points all of this in the air with both hands, if offshore racing ever fails, she could become a heck of a mime.)

Cook figured that an ice pack might ease the agony—but there wasn't any



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\* 1990 = 100, with 1990 = 100 and 1991 = 100

Fig. 10.10

$\beta_0$   
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Year	Age
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One of the requirements for being a relief pitcher is that you must have a label: long man, middle man or short man. Short men come in two types, as in a short man and *the* short man. A short man, for example, is subject to percentages, the book. If he's righthanded and a lefty batter comes to the plate, chances are he'll be replaced by a lefty. Ditto for a southpaw short man in the reverse situation. But not *the* short man, for his talents are such that the manager believes he can retire any batter, regardless of which side of the plate he swings from. Thus a short man may get the first two outs in the bottom of the ninth, then give up the ball. *The* short man is the pitcher a short man gives the ball to.

In Boston this year, the ball is being given to Tom Burgmeier, who during a troubled Red Sox season has not only been *the* short man, but also *the* pitcher. Burgmeier has been the sole redemption of a staff that allows a whopping 5.01 runs per game. In 37 appearances through last Saturday he had a 4-1 record, with an earned run average of 2.22. Although he had just returned to action after a bout with tendinitis in his left shoulder that sidelined him for three weeks, he had 16 saves, third-most in the American League.

During his absence the Red Sox fell from a contending second to a disappointing fifth. Little wonder, then, that Manager Don Zimmer says, "There's no question that he has carried the pitching staff this season. I don't even want to think about our team this year without him." And sure enough, when Burgmeier resumed relieving last Friday night against Minnesota, he picked up another save.

In his 12-season career with California, Kansas City, Minnesota and Boston, Burgmeier has played all the relief-pitcher roles. No one, least of all Burgmeier, had any reason to suspect that he would be anything more than just another bullpen arm this season. In the previous two years he had made only 79 appearances and accumulated just four saves.

Boston hoped the short men this season would be free agent Skip Lockwood

and Bill Campbell, who had been battling shoulder problems. When both pitchers developed early-season ailments, it was up to Burgmeier and righthander Dick Drago to come through. And though Drago faltered, Burgmeier flourished, and the Red Sox had a new, albeit reluctant, hero.

"Things are the same with me, but people think I must be throwing harder, or that I came up with a new pitch, because they look at the stats and see I have 16 saves instead of two or three," Burgmeier says. "The only things that have changed are the situations. Now I come in in the ninth when the game is on the line and I have an opportunity to get a save, instead of pitching four innings in the middle of the game."

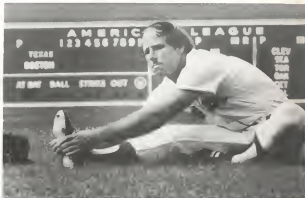
His finest relief appearance this season was a 4½-inning stint against the Yankees on June 25 in which he allowed only one hit and struck out eight—Reggie Jackson twice. With the tying run on third, he ended the game by striking out Willie Randolph. But lengthy outings are unusual for Burgmeier. In four appearances against Baltimore, covering only 8½ innings, he has three saves and has allowed only four hits and no runs.

As befits the man, Burgmeier doesn't get tricky on the mound. What you see is what you get. Fastball, changeup. The only hint of deception is in his third pitch, which is the subject of some debate. Burgmeier calls it a slider; others call it a curve. Doesn't matter. "If the catcher holds two fingers down for a curve or

*continued*

*After 12 years of journeyman relief pitching, Tom Burgmeier is having a bang-up season for Boston. A good thing, too, because the Sox have a terrible arms shortage*

## New life in the old Burg



*Burgmeier is stretching out his career by concentrating on control. Result: 16 saves and a 2.22 ERA*

three for a slider, he's going to get the same pitch," says Burgmeier.

Those same pitches have been thrown in 582 appearances during Burgmeier's long career. But now he has outstanding control. "Every pitcher knows what the weaknesses of a hitter are, but that doesn't mean they can get the ball there," Zimmer says. "Burgmeier has been getting it there."

"It's a matter of degree," says Burgmeier. "You can have good control and throw 10 pitches to the same spot 10 times, but it's right down the middle of the plate. Great control is when those same 10 pitches are always on the inside or outside corners. I'm in a groove where I can hit those spots."

"He's been successful because the hitter isn't getting anything fat to hit," says Texas Ranger Outfielder Al Oliver. "His pitches are off the middle of the plate, borderline; too good to take, out too tough to get at and hit."

Such acclaim hasn't altered Burgmeier's realistic way of looking at the reliever's lot. Says he: "There are times when you make a lousy pitch. The batter creams the ball, but the first baseman makes a diving catch and steps on first—double play, ballgame and save. The glory's there, but only for 24 hours because then you're back at the park and in another game. This time you make a great pitch, but the batter hits a little dinker over first and you lose. When you go back into the dugout, no one's going to say, 'Wow, that was a great pitch,' or 'You sure did a good job yesterday.' You lost, you didn't do your job."

Clearly, Burgmeier is doing his beautifully these days. And maybe that shouldn't seem so surprising, for he has had two other outstanding seasons: with the Royals in 1971 (nine wins, 17 saves and a 1.74 ERA) and with the Twins in 1976 (eight wins, one save and a 2.50 ERA). But even at his best Burgmeier tended to be overshadowed, as he was by Campbell when they were Minnesota teammates. Adding it all up, you get a 58-40 record and 76 saves. His three starting assignments in the last few seasons have been in emergency situations. The last time he was part of a starting rotation in the major leagues was in 1962, when he was signed by the Houston Colt 45's. He was released shortly thereafter, an expendable starter with mediocre stats in a fledgling organization.

A month later he was signed by Cal-

ifornia, which discovered his resilient arm and made him a reliever in the minors. That resiliency was Burgmeier's ticket back to the majors. The Royals chose him in their 1968 expansion draft, and he's been a fireman ever since. The difference this year is that he's the only one extinguishing any fires.

## THE WEEK

(July 26-28)

by HERM WEISKOPF

### NL WEST

Two of the biggest surprises of the season have been Relievers Dave Smith and Frank LaCorte of the first-place Astros (4-2). Smith, only 32-36 during four years in the minors, earned his fourth save by sealing a 6-5 victory over New York with three scoreless innings. He also has a 2.08 ERA. LaCorte, who has a reputation for having a rifle arm and scattergun control, began the year with a 5-26 record, the fourth worst in major league history for anyone with 30 or more decisions. (The record belongs to Joe Harris, who was 4-29 for the 1905-07 Red Sox.) By last Friday, though, LaCorte's record for 1980 was 7-1 and his ERA was 1.50, the best for any pitcher in either league with eight or more decisions. In his first three appearances last week, he didn't issue a walk in six innings. His seventh triumph came when the Astros shocked the Expos 9-8 with seven runs in the top of the ninth. But against Montreal Saturday, LaCorte had troubles; he gave up six walks in 2½ innings, the last forcing in the run that made him a 2-1 loser in the 12th.

Steve Howe got his ninth save and pared his ERA to 1.76 as Los Angeles (2-5) defeated Pittsburgh 4-2. After a 3-10 road trip that left them 20-32 in away games, the Dodgers returned to L.A. and beat the Cubs 7-6 on Dwight Gooden's ninth-inning single. Los Angeles is 32-13 at home.

Ken Griffey's ninth-inning homer made Tom Hume of the Reds (5-1) a 4-3 winner over the Mets. Hume also saved his 15th, 16th and 17th games, the final one a 5-1 triumph in New York for Bill Bonham, who came off the disabled list for his first outing since May 3. Only one Cincinnati batter didn't need relief help—Mario Soto, whose 3-2 victory over Philadelphia was his first complete game in almost three years.

Larry Herndon of the Giants (3-3) broke up a lengthy double-shoutout with a two-run homer in the 15th that downed the Cubs 2-0. Jack Clark had four RBIs and Mike Vee three during a 14-6 romp in Chicago. The two then combined to defeat Pittsburgh 4-3, Vee driv-

ing in two runs and Clark delivering a tie-breaking triple in the 10th. Catcher Dennis Littlejohn also drew loud cheers from Candlestick Park rosters during that win. All season, opponents have stolen bases almost at will against San Francisco. Littlejohn, though, threw out three Pirates in succession—Mike Easler, Lee Lacy and Omar Moreno. After that feat, Littlejohn said modestly, "I had the wind at my back."

Although Bob Horner of the Braves (4-3) missed 35 games early in the season, he is second in the league in home runs with 21. Four round-trippers gave Horner 14 for the month, one short of the big league mark for July. Horner's 21st made it 16 in 25 games, during which time he also had 33 RBIs and a .934 slugging percentage. Gary Matthews finished off Montreal 6-5 with a single in the ninth, and Tommy Boggs blanked Philadelphia 3-0. San Diego's starting pitchers continued to struggle, three losses leaving them 8-27 since May 17. Both wins for the Padres (2-4) were picked up by relievers, who have been 15-14 since that date. Rollie Fingers downed Pittsburgh 3-2 for his eighth victory, and Dennis Kinney won for the fourth time when Paul Dade walked with the bases full in the 11th to beat St. Louis 4-3.

HOUSTON 42-LA 52-45 CIN 51-46  
SF 48-40 ATL 45-51 SD 40-57

### NL EAST

Black clouds seemed to cast a pall all over the Eastern teams. None of them—not even the first-place Pirates (4-3)—could find a whole lot of sunshine. Bert Blyleven struck out 11 Padres while winning 7-1. And Lee Lacy batted .591 and had five hits as the Dodgers were overruled 8-7 on Willie Stargell Day. But the Bucs were shaken when Dave Parker asked to be traded. After nearly being hit by a radio battery thrown by a spectator in the ninth inning of the opener of a doubleheader, Parker left the field and refused to play the nightcap. "I've reached the point of no return," said a fearful Parker, who also has had a gas valve from a pellet gun and a sock full of nuts and bolts thrown at him in Pittsburgh.

Gary Carter's two homers and six RBIs enabled Scott Sanderson of Montreal (2-4) to defeat Atlanta 8-6 for his 10th win. But Expo relievers yielded 14 runs and 24 hits in 16½ innings and lost four games.

Philadelphia (2-5) knocked off Atlanta 5-4 as Mike Schmidt connected for his 25th and 26th home runs and then walked with the bases jammed in the 12th. What worried the Phillies was that Greg Luzinski, who has been out for two weeks with a bum knee, may need surgery. And what irked Luzinski was what he termed Manager Dallas Green's "Gespapo" behavior. "He has a sign in the clubhouse that says, 'We, not I.' But when we lose, he seems to be excluded from the 'We,'" says Luzinski. Green, ever the tasteful wall, countered by

continued



## One of these drivers had a head-on collision and walked away without a scratch.

Dr. Arnold Arms, the man on the left. In 1975, he drove one of the American cars equipped with air bag restraint systems being tested in this country. At 6 p.m. on October 7, I left my office to make a house call and never made it. I had a head-on collision with a city bus. I was traveling at about 25 miles an hour.

I recall very well what happened. The air bag inflated in front of the steering wheel and deflated right away. I could see I was alive. I could see that I had no broken bones. To my surprise, I didn't even have a headache or whiplash injury. I was able to walk away from the crash. **Arnold V. Arms, M.D., Kansas City, MO**

In 1979, 25 million auto accidents occurred in the U.S. Millions of drivers and passengers were injured. 27,000 of them died. The cost of hospital and medical treatment for auto injuries was astronomical. And with inflation continuing to spiral, these costs continue to soar.

Many deaths and injuries could be prevented if people would use seat belts and shoulder harnesses, which are standard equipment in all new cars. Unfortunately, fewer than 20% of all automobile occupants use their seat belts.

A federal standard requires that all full-size 1962-model cars automatically protect front seat occupants from serious injury in crashes up to 30 mph.

The auto industry has proven technology to meet these new federal requirements. Safety belts that automatically restrain you is one approach. The air bag restraint system is another.

Extensive testing has proven that air bags can absorb the impact forces in head-on and front-angle crashes, with a cushioning effect that dramatically reduces serious injury. Research has shown that air bag protection can reduce the frequency of head, face, neck and torso injuries by as much as 40%. And the cost is less than many car stereo systems.

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wearing a swastika armband in the clubhouse.

New York (2-4) was heartened when Pat Zachry proved his comeback from arm trouble was complete by cooling off Cincinnati 2-0. Then the Mets were disheartened when John Starnes, who drove in both runs in that game, fractured his right index finger.

Lynn McGlothlen cheered the Cubs (3-3) by stopping the Padres 6-0 and the Dodgers 3-0. But Bruce Sutter, who earned his 21st save in the victory over L.A., was depressed when Manager Preston Gomez was canned in favor of Coach Joe Amalfitano. Sutter's appraisal: "Three months ago Preston knew all there was to know about baseball, but now he doesn't?"

Even the Cardinals (5-1), who got three saves from John Littlefield and who had the East's best record, had reason to lament. Gary Templeton, who tripled in one run in the eighth and scored to give Bob Forsch a 2-1 triumph over San Francisco on a day when the temperature reached 146° on the Busch Stadium turf, was lost for several weeks after breaking his left thumb. At the time, Templeton had just taken over the league lead in batting with a .326 average. And then there was Reliever John Urra, who eats four bananas daily for potassium to alleviate his hypertension. Urra was a 3-2 winner over the Dodgers as he hurled 4½ shutout innings. Four days later, though, Urra faced only two batters in the 11th inning in San Diego and walked both to force in the run that made St. Louis a 4-3 loser.

PIT 64-42 MONT 51-42 PHIL 49-45  
NY 46-49 ST. L. 44-52 CHI 30-53

**AL EAST** Go, Joe Charboneau, a song composed by a group of Cleveland tunesmiths, is played on local radio stations whenever the Indians (5-2) win. Last week it was played often. Charboneau had three hits as Len Barker beat Seattle 4-0 for his 10th victory. The rookie outfielder then hit two homers, one a grand slam during a seven-run 11th, and had six RBIs in the Indians' 12-6 defeat of the Mariners. After Bo Diaz' single finished off a two-out, three-run rally in the ninth to stun California 9-8, Charboneau homered as the Angels lost 10-2. Super Joe finished his 14-RBI, .478 week by driving in four runs during a 14-4 rout of California.

Al Woods of the Blue Jays (5-3) also swung a lively bat, hitting .455 and walloping three homers. One of Woods' blasts earned Dave Stieb a 1-0 triumph in Oakland. Stieb's second straight shutout, and fourth for the year, gave him a club-record 22 consecutive scoreless innings.

Baltimore (4-3) had a spectacular hitter, too. Dan Grahm, a former Twin, led the Orioles to three victories in a row over his onetime teammates with two home runs and 13 RBIs. For the week, Grahm batted .474.

Although he "didn't have a curve all night" and had to throw "75% fastballs," Steve Stone ran his winning streak to 14 and his record to 16-3 by beating Milwaukee 4-1. Stone had ample help from his teammates, including three homers, one by Catcher Rick Dempsey, who also threw out three would-be base stealers, picked a man off third and tagged out a runner in a rundown. Tim Lincecum got his 13th save in that game, his seventh on behalf of Stone, who earlier coasted past Minnesota 12-5.

Three days after sustaining his worst shelling ever—eight hits and seven runs in 1½ innings against the Royals—Ron Gaudry of the Yankees (3-4) was back on the mound. That was two days ahead of schedule for Gaudry, who was anxious to see if he had solved the mystery of why his slider had gone "flat" and why he had been 3-6 with a 4.94 ERA over his last 11 starts. Pitching Coach Stan Williams felt Gaudry's pitching shoulder and left hip "opened up soon," that his arm could not, therefore, "keep up with his body" and that his right foot was landing incorrectly. Heeding Williams' advice, Gaudry closed up his delivery, stayed on top of the ball, stepped straight ahead and beat Milwaukee 6-0 on four hits. New York got another four-hit performance against the Brewers when Tommy John won 3-0 for his sixth shutout among his 15 victories. Graig Nettles' 26th home run surpassed Brooks Robinson's league record for third basemen.

Four doubles and two homers helped Tony Perez of the Red Sox (3-4) drive in eight runs and regain the league RBI lead with 76. Dennis Ekersley, meanwhile, regained his sharpness, beating Minnesota 5-1.

Dan Schatzeder of the Tigers (4-2), who had been put in the bullpen after a series of early-season bombings, also began to shape up. Back on the rotation, Schatzeder evened his record at 6-6 by defeating Seattle 5-2 on seven hits and Oakland 7-0 on five hits.

Paul Mitchell of the Brewers (4-3) turned in the week's best relief job, taking over for starter Bill Travers after a long run delay in New York and allowing only one run in eight innings as he won 4-1. Gorman Thomas' 20th and 21st homers and Don Money's 14th enabled Reggie Cleveland to beat Baltimore 5-0 on four hits for his 100th career victory. In the eighth inning of that game, Thomas told Cleveland, "I think you're going to throw a no-homer tonight." There was only one thing wrong with that forecast: the Orioles had gotten a hit three innings earlier.

NY 61-34 DET 50-40 MIL 53-43 BAL 52-43  
BOS 49-46 CLE 46-47 TOR 42-52

**AL WEST** Slumping Kevin Bell of the White Sox was looking for help, so he contacted a hypnotist who "mostly works on self-confidence and thinking positively." Apparently he got help. Bell's

two-run double finished off Kansas City's Steve Busby and helped Chicago win 6-1. Oddly, it was a grand slam by Bell that knocked the injury-plagued Busby out of his last start more than 11 months earlier. Two rookies enabled the White Sox (2-5) to beat

## PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**DWIGHT EVANS:** The Boston rightfielder, who had been in a long slump, had three homers, six doubles and 10 RBIs and hit .542 to raise his average 32 points. In his last 17 games, Evans has hit .417 and driven in 19 runs.

the Rangers 4-3, Harold Baines homering in the ninth and Lammie Hoyt going the distance in his first big-league start.

John Wathan of the Royals also got help from an unexpected source. K.C. Broadcaster Fred White told Wathan the reason for his recent slump might be that he wasn't rocking back and forth at the plate as he had been when he was hitting well. So Wathan rocked—and rolled to a .433 average. Others who peppered the ball for the Royals (5-2) were Clint Hurdle (.455) and Willie Wilson (.429). Kansas City leads New York 7-4 in their season series, and George Brett, who has played in eight of those games, has driven in 20 runs in them, four in 14-3 and 6-1 victories last week by Rich Gale. Umpire John Shulock thumbed Darrell Porter for using strong language. The next day, as the two stood near home plate during the national anthem, Shulock had a hard time keeping from letting out a loud laugh. Porter had no such trouble; he had taped his mouth shut.

Second-place Texas (4-2) had new cause for optimism as two troubled pitchers won. Jon Matlack, who had off-season arm surgery, beat Boston 5-3. And Jim Kern, who had lost 11 times in relief, fired 5½ innings of hitless ball to defeat Chicago 6-4.

Rick Langford of the A's (4-3) hurled his 12th and 13th straight complete games. After blowing a 5-0 lead in the ninth against Cleveland and winning 6-5 in the 14th, Langford squared his record at 9-9 by beating Detroit 5-3. Mike Norris' 13th win was a 5-1 four-hitter against Toronto.

Three standout pitching performances gave the Twins (3-5) a lift. Reliever Doug Corbett didn't allow a run in four innings as he beat Boston 5-4. John Verhoeven tossed 8½ innings of two-run relief and was an 8-7 winner over Baltimore in 11 innings, and Geoff Zahn beat the Red Sox 6-0.

Glenn Abbot of the Mariners (2-5) took care of the Indians 7-0. Jason Thompson of the Angels (1-4) had three straight 3-for-4 games against his former Tiger teammates, but only once did it lend to a victory.

KC 59-36 TEX 47-48 OAK 47-51 MINN 44-53  
CHI 43-53 SEA 38-57 CAL 34-61

## THE OLYMPICS: FEAST OR FAMINE



A LENIN STAGUIN CAMERAMAN IS RUSSIAN, HIS CAMERA FRENCH

It's a great show on Soviet TV—13 hours of programming on the national channel during the average Olympic day, all suitably edited to keep it fresh, exciting and relatively uncontroversial. During the opening ceremonies, the cameras briefly showed the protesting British chief de mission marching alone and carrying the Olympic flag, instead of the Union Jack. The commentator snapped in disgust, "There is the clumsy plot that you all can see against the traditions of the Olympic movement." And that was that. Soviet viewers were given no further coverage of "the clumsy plot."

In non-boycotting nations, the show ranges from desultory (one or two hours a day in France, for example, over the 16 days of the Games) to a deluge (230 hours in Mexico). Coverage so far has been relatively straightforward, though there has been predictable emphasis on events and incidents involving hometown personalities. French television expressed outrage over the actions of Soviet customs agents who, upon finding a pair of typically brief red Galtic men's undershorts in the luggage of a French 800-meter runner, detained him and grided him about why he was bringing ladies' panties into Russia. In Mexico City, partisans were so angered by what they saw and heard on TV concerning the disqualification of Daniel Bautista, the 1976 Olympic champion in the 20-km. walk, for running, and the disputed second-place fin-

ish of a Mexican platform diver that 250 uniformed and plainclothes police were dispatched to guard the Soviet embassy against possible mob assault.

But in countries that backed the boycott, the Games were given short shrift. The Asahi National Broadcasting Corporation of Japan, for example, showed one hour of action a day, but it was split into two half-hours—the first in what one Asahi executive called "the miserable minutes" of 7:15 a.m., the second in the "even more miserable

minutes" of 11:20 p.m. Predictably, ratings have been horrible—about 4% of the audience. Still, Asahi planned a total of 44½ hours of coverage over the Olympic period, compared with NBC's schedule for the Games, that's a veritable electronic marathon. Where NBC once announced with considerable fanfare that it would present an unprecedented 152½ hours from the U.S.S.R., it has now reduced its coverage to a mere daily eye-blink, averaging eight or nine minutes on the Today Show, with sporadic glimpses of action on *The Nightly News*. ABC and CBS, which are handling the Olympics with small news crews, may report on bona fide non-sporting news stories as they occur at the Games, but are effectively barred from coverage of the athletic events by the IOC's rules. They stipulate that any American TV organization—except NBC, which paid \$87 million for exclusive rights to the Olympics—is prohibited from showing so much as a snippet of Olympic action until 24 hours after it has occurred. Once that span has elapsed, the IOC's 3-by-2-by-3 Rule goes into effect: it limits the selector to no more than three pieces a day, and those pieces are to be no more than two minutes long and they must be broadcast at least three hours apart during regularly scheduled news programs.

Boycott or no, NBC has the right to show all the Olympic action it wishes. As Don Ohi-

meyer, executive producer of NBC Sports, says, "We could go wall-to-wall if we wanted." But by the time the Games are over, Ohi-meyer says, NBC will have aired "way under 10 hours" and will probably have done only one long show—that being a projected 45-minute "historical" wrap-up on the Sunday magazine show, *Sports World*. NBC doesn't plan a minute of prime-time coverage. Even last Saturday's potentially historic 800-meter race between Sebastian Coe and Steve Ovett was dealt with rather offhandedly as a taped part of NBC's premiere baseball show.

The decision to give the Olympics the once-over-lightly was made by the top brass of RCA, the network's parent corporation. Beyond patriotic and commercial considerations—advertisers stayed away in droves even from buying time on NBC's programs covering U.S. Olympic Trials in various sports—the rationale for such light coverage, according to Ohi-meyer, is, "Without the U.S. in the Games, the average peripheral American sports fan doesn't care about these Olympics. With the single exception of Nadia Comaneci, whom the fans remember as the cute little doll from Montreal, there is no interest. Even the Coe-Ovett races don't hold a lot of interest, except for track-and-field fanatics. To most Americans the Olympics have come to mean a magnificent spectacle where all of the top athletes in the world get together. They're not all there in Moscow now, and therefore, the general American interest is very meager."

Equally meager is the NBC Sports crew in the U.S.S.R.—25 technicians, editors and producers—a far cry from the 640 originally planned. And they are working entirely with the Soviet feed; there isn't an NBC camera or commentator in Moscow.

There would seem to be plenty of room for bitterness at NBC Sports, but Ohi-meyer is philosophical about the boycott. "NBC lost some money, yes," he says. "It's a tremendous disappointment. But we're big boys. We have other things we've already done, and there are other things we'll go on to do. But for the kids, the athletes, this was their lifetime. They had to sacrifice their dreams, they had no other place except these Olympics to do what they can do. They're the big losers."

END

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## Talk about your long shots!

*When Patti and Lee Brauer won a \$1-million lottery two years ago, they went out and splurged on a pickup, a tractor and a \$5,000 horse. Then they really got lucky*

Remember that '50s TV series called *The Millionaire*? Remember how Michael Anthony would ring the doorbell of some unsuspecting beneficiaries and announce that he had a cashier's check for \$1 million for them? And remember Anthony's proviso that if the recipients ever repudiated the amount or the donor (eccentric multimillionaire John Beresford Tipton), they would have to forfeit whatever portion of the million was unspent? Well, Lee and Patti Brauer of Tipton, Wash. remember. They talked about that show a lot after they won \$1 million in the Canadian lottery. In the best tradition of *Old Man Tipton*, they, too, wondered how all that money would affect the lives of ordinary folks—themselves.

Their story begins not with the ring

of an unexpected visitor but with the purchase of two \$10 Canadian lottery tickets, the first the Brauers had ever bought. Just before Christmas 1977 they learned they had "hit" the lottery, each ticket paying \$50. "It sure was a temptation to cash those tickets in," says Lee. "That money looked pretty good with Christmas coming up. But we took the gamble and bought 10 more \$10 tickets."

In the 12 years of their marriage, the Brauers' main entertainment had been going to racetracks and betting. They were used to taking risks, albeit on a modest scale. Although most of their time was spent working their 10-acre apple orchard (Red Delicious and Golden), every chance the Brauers got, they'd go to Yakima or Portland Meadows or

Longacres Racetrack. They loved horses and handicapping and dreamed one day of owning maybe 25% of a \$1,600 clammer. It became their habit to wrap their winnings in aluminum foil and stash the loot in the freezer, which is what they did with the ten \$10 lottery tickets.

On the whole, racetrackers are a pretty superstitious bunch, and the Brauers are no exception. They knew that the million-dollar lottery draw would be on Sunday, April 2, 1978. Patti circled the date on their kitchen calendar and wrote on it: "The day we win a million." But the only thing that happened on Sunday was that the Brauers lost all their betting money at Yakima Meadows. On Monday, Lee and Patti sat at home and tried to figure out if they had enough money to live on until their apples were harvested. "We weren't broke," Patti says. "But we figured we needed \$6,000 to get us from April to September, and we didn't have that much. Lee didn't want to borrow money on our expected proceeds from the crop. So we just sat there estimating the minimum amount we needed to get through the season."

The call from Canada came on Tuesday. Patti answered the phone and heard a very polite man from the Canadian lottery ask if she would please read her ticket numbers to him. She yelled, "Hold on," and started throwing meat out of the freezer. She couldn't find the tickets. Lee found them. He read all the numbers to the man on the phone. The last ticket number was the big one. Patti's knees gave way, and she fell to the floor. Screams, cheers, tears, laughter.

Now this is the John Beresford Tipton part. What do a couple of young apple growers do with a million bucks? The Brauers stayed up for two days and three nights just talking about it. There were big decisions to be made. Should they move to Canada and get the million tax-free? Or should they stay in the U.S. and hand a staggering \$750,000 over to the Internal Revenue Service? The Brauers decided to remain in Washington, but they hired a tax specialist to see what he could do about reducing the bite.

Apprehensive about what all that  
continued



Lee serves Loto Canada his favorite libation—Coca-Cola from a can—while Patti pets her "baby"

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America's Storyteller



At the El Camino Real, the shoe fit on Loto

money would do to their life-style, they continued to work the usual 12 to 14 hours a day in their orchard. They made a few cautious purchases: a new pickup truck, a tractor and a racehorse, in that order. "We parked the new pickup in the backyard," Lee says, "and kept driving our old clunker around. At night we'd all go out and sit in the new one and fiddle with the gadgets. But it took us weeks to get over feeling conspicuous."

In June of 1978 they contacted a friend, Dale Leach at Northwest Farms in Yakima, and said they'd like to buy a horse, preferably a bargain-basement thoroughbred. Leach showed them a yearling colt and said, "This horse is kind of a runt, but he's improved a lot." The Brauers liked his looks and his breeding (by Saltville out of TV Actress, by TV Lark), so they took another gamble and paid \$5,000 for him. "You have to understand where we came from," says Lee. "We lived our whole lives on a tight budget. No matter how much money we had, \$5,000 seemed an awful lot for a horse. In our minds we were still struggling. You don't go all your life just making ends meet and then change overnight."

They named their yearling Loto Canada, the title of the Canadian lottery. A few days later—perhaps because they were getting the hang of spending money—they purchased a second yearling for \$7,500 and named him Canadian Express. During this period of comparative-

ly wild monetary abandon, the Brauers remained more or less in hiding. The newspapers and wire services had broadcast the news of their million-dollar win, and people started hounding them. From all parts of the country letters from total strangers poured in asking for "loans."

That summer Lee and Patti spent their free time lying on the grass watching their yearlings graze at Northwest Farm. They became absorbed in making plans for their new "babies," as Patti called them.

In August they had another bit of luck. "We met Len Kasmerski at a sale at Longacres," says Lee. "He'd heard we had a couple of horses. He came up to us and said, 'I want to train for you.' The more we looked at his record, the more impressed we were with his 2-year-old program. We sent our horses to him on November 1."

Initially the Brauers and Kasmerski thought Canadian Express was going to be the better racehorse, but Express was intimidated by the other horses and after three races he'd earned a grand total of \$120. So the Brauers turned him out to pasture in Yakima.

Loto Canada was another story. In December 1978 he was gelded because, says Kasmerski, "His breeding didn't merit stud duties. Besides, he was really mean." As it turned out, Loto Canada not only had a penchant for biting—especially his trainer—but also for candy bars, Coca-Cola from a can and running in slop.

On May 26, 1979 Loto Canada was sent to the post for the first time, in a five-furlong race at Longacres. He led from wire to wire and won by seven lengths. After finishing second and third in his next two outings, the "runt"—he stands just a hair over 15 hands—won four consecutive stakes by a total of 24 lengths. In all seven races he was ably ridden by Jockey Wendell Matt. It may or may not be significant but the first stakes win—the Blue Boy—took place at Exhibition Park, in (where else?) Canada. The other three came at Longacres, where Loto Canada was named Best Two Year Old Washington-bred and Best Two Year Old Colt or Gelding of the meet.

It was time for the Brauers to find out what their horse was really made of, so they shipped him to Santa Anita and the Sunny Slope Stakes on Oct. 17. He would be racing against some of the best horses in the West, so they got Bill Shoemaker as his jockey. Loto Canada came in third, behind Kentucky Derby-nominees The

Carpenter and Doonesbury. Not bad for a little Washington-bred gelding. The Brauers decided to try again, this time in the 1½-mile El Camino Real Stakes at Bay Meadows. Not only was Doonesbury in the field, but also Brent's Trans Am, a Derby contender from the East. Again Shoemaker was up, but Loto Canada finished fourth.

"He gave it everything he had," said the Shoe. "He's a good horse, but he's just a cut below the best." Disappointed but undaunted, the Brauers shipped their horse to Oaklawn Park in Arkansas. After finishing fourth in the \$50,000 Rebel Handicap, Loto came back to win a \$25,000 allowance race at a mile and 70 yards, leading all the way to beat a field of seven that included Temperance Hill, the subsequent winner of the Belmont Stakes. Patti said afterward, "There's only so much luck to go around. We thought we'd used it all up."

Indeed, the luck seemed to have run out on April 12 in the Arkansas Derby. Loto, sent off as the hot favorite (9-5), tired in the stretch, finishing well behind winner Temperance Hill. "It was the most painful day of my life," says Patti. "They bet over a quarter of a million dollars on him. It wasn't just us losing, it was all those people who bet on him and lost." To add to their misery, Loto came out of the race bleeding from a nosebleed, and the Brauers didn't hesitate to ship him home for a rest. Gone were their dreams of running in the Illinois or Ohio Derby, where they were sure he'd have a good chance of winning. "Greed for money or just plain ego gets in the way," says Patti. "You have to keep telling yourself it's just not that important. There's always another race on another day. What's really important is that you don't want to hurt your horse."

Their concern for Loto's well-being paid off on May 11 at Longacres. Carrying 126 pounds, Loto won the 5½-furlong William E. Boeing Stakes by 10 lengths, setting a track record of 1:02½. To date, Loto Canada has started 17 times, had seven firsts, one second, seven thirds and was unplaced only twice. He has earned \$179,600, and that'll buy a tractor or two.

"He'll give you an honest race, unless he gets bumped," says Patti. "We're going to keep racing him as long as he wants to run, and he'll never run for a price. We know what we've got." John Beresford Tipton would have approved. ■

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# AVERY BRUNDAGE

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## The Man Behind the Mask

Since the Modern Olympic Era began in 1894, six men have served as president of the International Olympic Committee. Demetrius Vikelas of Greece was the first. Ireland's Lord Killanin, whose tenure will end with the conclusion of the Moscow Games, is the most recent. But none of these men wielded more authority, had a greater influence on amateur sport—or embodied so many contradictions—as Avery Brundage of the U.S., who died in 1975 at the age of 87.

The following story was written by William Oscar Johnson, based on reports by Jane Bachman, Jack Tobin and Al Stump in California, Johnson and Ray Sore in Chicago, Robert Kroon in Geneva, Franz Spelman in Munich and Anita Verschoth in Moscow.

CONTINUED

**F**or members of the International Olympic Committee, the dinner on the night of Aug. 14, 1952 was typically lavish, replete with pomp and self-congratulation, fine wine and rich food. The occasion for the gala at a state villa in Lausanne was the inauguration of the American construction and real estate millionaire, Avery Brundage, as the president of the IOC. Brundage, a former Olympic athlete, gazed sternly through steel-rimmed spectacles at the assemblage, which included a prince, a count and the lord mayor of Lausanne, people with whom he felt perfectly at ease. Then he launched into a sermon scolding mankind for its shortcomings. "We live in a world that is sick socially, politically and economically," thundered Brundage. "It is sick for only one reason—lack of fair play and good sportsmanship in human relations. We must keep the Olympic movement on Olympic heights of idealism, for it will surely die if it is permitted to descend to more sordid levels." He received a nice round of applause as he sat down next to his wife, Elizabeth.

It had been a vintage Brundage performance, a combination of cast-iron idealism, ballooning pomposity and Victorian evangelism. His air of righteousness was pervasive, impenetrable. He was 64 and this was the pinnacle of his life. For the next 20 years, until he retired from the presidency in 1972, he strode the earth as if he were a crowned monarch, and he ruled the Olympic movement as

if it were his fiefdom, dictating policy and passing judgment with an arrogance, a stubbornness and an outspokenness that earned him the sobriquet Old Discus Heart. Thirty years ago, an IOC delegate who knew Brundage well said, "His basic trouble is that Avery really doesn't like people, yet he has this compulsion to lead. He's the pope, the rest are heretics. But never forget that he symbolizes a marvelous objective and under pressure he never quits."

But there was another side to Brundage, a dimension so contrary to his public image of rectitude that even today, five years after his death, it seems shocking. After all, Brundage was considered so straitlaced that a barber at Chicago's LaSalle Hotel, which Brundage owned, would censor the stories that were being told as soon as the boss walked into the shop. In retrospect, those stories were probably nothing compared to the ones Avery himself could have provided.

Just five days after the inaugural dinner in Lausanne, a beautiful blonde Finnish woman named Lillian Linnea Wahlmanik Dresden, age 33, gave birth to a son in San Mateo, Calif. The child was named Gary Toro Dresden. On his birth certificate, the father's name was withheld—just as it had been from the birth certificate of their first son, Avery Gregory Dresden, born on Aug. 27, 1951. The identity of the father—Avery Brundage.

Brundage admitted that the children were his in a private acknowledgment of paternity given in November of 1951 (after Avery's birth) and June of 1952 (just before Gary's birth). He attested that he requested that his identity be withheld because "showing my name on the certificate as the father may cause undue and adverse publicity in view of my present marital status."

The fact that Brundage had fathered two sons out of wedlock was only one



Brundage had to weather many storms during his long and remarkable life, and as Rueggsegger (far right), his close friend and adviser, tells it, Brundage's short marriage to Princess Reuss was among them.



of a number of startling aspects of his long and remarkable life. The sons were not the children of rare indiscretions; Brundage, it turns out, was a philanderer of enormous appetite. Though he seemed to cultivate the image of a staunch Calvinist, he once said, "I think of myself as a Taoist." He assembled one of the world's finest collections of Oriental art, but he spent very little for personal needs. Although he was a self-made millionaire, those closest to his financial affairs say he became a poor businessman who was foolish with his money. When he was 85 he married a 36-year-old German, Mariann Charlotte Katharina Stefanie Princess Reuss. At a trial in Santa Barbara, Calif. last year, it was argued that she "raided and fleeced" the old man, and not long before Brundage died—all but blind from glaucoma—his chief financial adviser, Frederick J. Rueggesser, told him that he was "bankrupt or near bankrupt."

Clearly Brundage's real life bore little resemblance to his public image. As Monique Berlioux, the director of the IOC, said recently, "To many people, Monsieur Brundage looked like an authoritarian clergyman, a headstrong curmudgeon. It was all a facade. Avery was basically a timid and sensitive man who loved luxury, art, good food and the company of beautiful women."

Whatever he became, his beginnings were markedly unluxurious; he was the kind of man whom Horatio Alger had canonized—the American urchin, tattered and deprived, who rose to thrive in the company of kings and millionaires. Brundage was born in Detroit on Sept. 28, 1887, and when he was six his father, Charles, deserted the family. His mother, Minnie, began working as a seamstress in Chicago, where Avery was raised by various relatives. "I never saw my father after he left," Brundage once recalled bitterly. "He drank, went down-

hill and got himself killed in a car crash."

Brundage became a relentlessly right-eous young man, a crusader against drunks and drinking. At the University of Illinois, where Brundage got a civil engineering degree in 1909, he was something of an outcast in his fraternity because he refused to take a drink. "I was not popular with the larkers," he said, "but that bothered me very little." Later he would allow himself an occasional glass of wine or a beer or a daiquiri, his favorite cocktail.

Brundage's larking led him to the boudoir instead of the barroom. He was a bachelor until 1927, when, at age 40, he married Elizabeth Dunlap, an elegant and artistic socialite who was the daughter of a Chicago banker. Rueggesser, 60, who worked for Brundage for 25 years and became his best friend and closest business adviser, recalls the first Mrs. Brundage. "In the early years she traveled with him some of the

*continued*



## BRUNDAGE continued

time," he says, "but usually she was at their home in Santa Barbara. She suffered a stroke in 1964 and rarely left the country after that. When she learned of his sons by reading a blind item in a San Francisco newspaper, she was terribly hurt. She had many friends there. Everyone knew who the item referred to."

The revelation appeared in Herb Caen's *San Francisco Examiner* column on Nov. 1, 1954: "Talk of Redwood City—the big home that has been bought by a naffly known sports figure (married) for his beautiful blonde keptive, a recent import from a Scandinavian country."

In actuality, Dresden had been in the country since July 22, 1948, and had moved into the house after young Avery's birth. Brundage had attempted to keep the purchase quiet by putting title to the house in the name of his secretary, Frances Blakely, as trustee. According to Ruegger, "Mrs. Brundage once told me that Avery had been romantically involved with Blakely, who was very wealthy and continued to work for him until she died. She was totally possessive of him, but she disapproved of what he had done and what he was doing. Mrs. Brundage said that Miss Blakely had once assumed she and A.B. would be married—until she suddenly read in the papers that he was engaged to Elizabeth Dunlop. It was a shock. She had had no idea he was about to marry someone else." Elizabeth Brundage died in 1971 at the age of 81.

When people asked Brundage if he had any children, he would reply somewhat elliptically. "Mrs. Brundage had no babies." He wouldn't elaborate, and few if any caught the distinction. When Brundage was 81 he had an international harem of girl friends that included a Bulgarian, an Austrian, a Finn, an American, a Mexican, a Swiss and a German. He was able to juggle his trysts tidily enough as long as the women remained dispersed across the globe, but during the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City collisions were all but in-

evitable. At least one screaming battle occurred between the Swiss and the Mexican women over a gift of jewelry from Brundage that had somehow been incorrectly delivered.

A notorious skinflint when it came to tipping waiters and porters, Brundage was a relentlessly generous sugar daddy. He had a favorite perfumerie on the rue

Club, which he owned: "He was a terrific dancer and danced us off our feet, often until 2 a.m. He'd never take liberties on the floor, but you always knew that a very macho guy had hold of you. He'd use French words to flatter his partners."

Well into his 80s Brundage was in phenomenal physical condition—obviously—for a man his age. Perhaps this could

be attributed to his willingness to suffer extreme punishment to build stamina during his days as an athlete. One of his favorite events was race walking, an excruciatingly painful exercise that Brundage himself enthusiastically proclaimed to be "the closest a man can come to the pangs of childbirth." At the 1912 Olympic Games in Stockholm, he represented the U.S. in the decathlon and pentathlon, finishing 15th in the former and fifth in the latter behind Jim Thorpe, who won both events.

In 1914, 1916 and 1918 (at the ripe age of 30) Brundage won the American "All-Around Championships," an ordeal consisting of 10 events (including the half-mile walk and the shot put) that had to be performed in a single afternoon with no more than five minutes' rest between each event. He remained a physical fitness fanatic all his life—decades before it became an American fetish. He did the painful heel-and-toe walk for two or three miles daily until he was past 80. He also was an avid handball player, but gave up the game in the early '40s, when he suffered severely pinched blood vessels in his back and groin and almost died. Doctors blamed it on "overexercise," but Brundage recovered and for many years would say with a chuckle, "Those doctors died long ago—of just the opposite."

Whether or not his "overexercising" was the foundation for his incredibly energetic after-hours life, Brundage was a physical wonder. One IOC staff member recalls, "He'd keep us at meetings at the Palace Hotel in Lausanne until midnight. We'd be exhausted, nearly conked out.

*continued*



A newspaper item alerted Mrs. Brundage to Avery's "beautiful blonde keptive."

*Elizabeth Brundage*

de Rivoli in Paris, and during his frequent visits to that city, he would buy expensive perfumes in the biggest-sized bottles available—confident that he knew exactly which lady preferred a Jean Patou and which would deign to use nothing but a Chanel. He also sent regular monthly checks of \$500 or more to perhaps half a dozen women at a time. Even among women back in Santa Barbara, Brundage always seemed to be operating. One local matron recalls Brundage's behavior during parties at the Montecito Country

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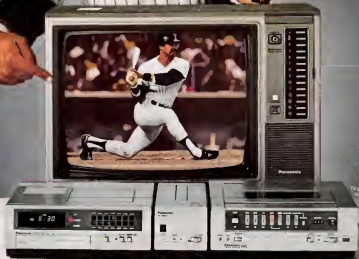
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Then he would slip out of the hotel to the Talaris nightclub nearby to check out the merchandise. He was a real night bird and never seemed tired."

According to Brundage's paternity agreements, he met Lilian Dresden in November of 1948 in Chicago. Dresden is unwilling to provide any other information about their relationship. She is still blonde at 61, and she lives in the Redwood City, Calif. hills in a house purchased in 1960. It's an unassuming place, with dozens of potted plants on the porch, Christmas lights strung beneath the eaves even in July and a 1977 Thunderbird parked in the driveway. The license plate reads I SUOMI—that being the Finnish for Finland. She is courteous when confronted with requests to discuss her relationship with Brundage, but she refuses to speak about him beyond saying, "He was a good man."

Her sons, now 27 and 28 years old, have also kept silent, presumably because of confidentiality clauses included in a March 1955 trust agreement and a June 1960 estate settlement. Their relationship to Brundage came into the open because of suits they had filed beginning in August 1978, in which they demanded, as Brundage's only offspring, two-thirds interest in his estate. Originally, they had been left nothing. The amount in the estate, after bequests to the University of Illinois, the Chicago Art Institute and the city and county of San Francisco, was about \$1.5 million—meaning the sons were suing for \$500,000 each. Early in June, the two Dresdens men settled out of court for \$62,500 apiece.

It is also known that Lilian was the daughter of Karl Gustav Wahamaki, at one time Finland's consul to China, and that the name Dresden comes from her marriage to Elliott Dresden in Fort Worth on Sept. 7, 1948, just six weeks after she first entered the U.S. through Honolulu.

Elliott now lives near San Diego, where he holds the business license for Executive Sweet, a service offering escorts, off-the-premises massages and "nude entertainment." Dresden says he met Lilian early in World War II, when he was stationed in Australia with the Army Air Corps. Until recently he knew nothing about his former wife's relationship with Brundage or that her sons bear his name. "The only thing I got out of this marriage," he says, "was

the greatest beef stroganoff recipe ever."

Rueggesser, Brundage's closest associate, recalls having seen Mrs. Dresden in person only once, probably in 1952, soon after she moved into the first Redwood City house. "I sat in the car and he went to the house and talked to her," says Rueggesser. "She was a tall, blonde woman, a high-class-looking person. He didn't tell me who she was at that time."

Most of the additional information concerning Lilian has been culled largely from official court and naturalization proceedings. For example, when she first entered the U.S. in 1948, her last name was Paulin, and she earned with her an 8-month-old son, Karl Gustav Howard Mark Paulin, whose father's identity is unknown. Soon thereafter, she married Elliott, but they separated after only 10 days. Elliott now suspects that she married him only to obtain an American husband, which as an alien she needed to stay in the U.S. Except for the fact that she first met Brundage in Chicago in November of '48, her whereabouts are unknown, until the birth of Avery Gregory Dresden in August 1951 in San Mateo. Some time later, when she moved into the house deeded to Frances Blakeley and held in trust for Brundage, she was pregnant with their second child. Gary was born Aug. 19, 1952, and a month later, on Sept. 16, she obtained a decree annulling her marriage to Elliott.

Because of the annulment, Lilian and the Paulin boy probably faced deportation as aliens. This wasn't the case for the other two boys, because they had been born in the U.S. In an attempt to head off deportation proceedings, Brundage apparently solicited the help of Illinois Senator Everett Dirksen. On Jan. 26, 1953 Dirksen introduced a private bill seeking to grant Lilian and the boy permanent residence. However, the bill was never passed, which is probably why Lilian and

her sons left the country on May 24 and began an extended trip to Mexico City and Europe. She returned to the U.S. on Dec. 3, 1954 as "a visitor for pleasure." Almost four months later, on March 30, 1955, she signed an agreement for a trust fund that Brundage had set up for Avery and Gary in the amount of \$500,000. (She had received the Redwood City house earlier.) In return, she signed away for herself and the boys "all claims, causes of



action, damages and demands, whatsoever, which she or they now have or ever had against Brundage. . ."

Dresden left the country again sometime after that, but when she returned, on April 18, 1956, she was able to become a permanent resident because she was the sister of an American citizen, her brother Leo Wahamaki having already been naturalized.

Only a handful of Brundage's closest confidants knew of his elaborate deal-

*continued*

## BRUNDAGE continued

ings with his secret family and probably none of them approved. Rueggesser says sadly, "In most things, A.B. was a thoroughly honest and honorable man. But during those years in the 1950s, he was terrified that the truth might come out, that he'd then be forced out of his IOC position. I think that he worried less and less as the years went by. Power feeds on itself, and soon you believe you can't do anything wrong, that you have no weaknesses. That happened to A.B. But I was always quite shocked by his attitude toward his sons. I came to the United States from Switzerland in 1948. It was *unthinkable* in Europe then to do what he did. Even kings acknowledged their children born out of wedlock. But A.B. was too afraid the boys would cost him the IOC. At the time he felt no guilt at all."

Brundage continued to visit the boys through the late 1950s, but then reduced his contact with them to a series of telephone calls in the 1960s. As far as Rueggesser knows, Brundage had no contact with them for several years, perhaps even a decade, before he died. However, Dresden periodically sent him photographs, including a packet of 20 or so in 1974, Rueggesser says. "His eyes were so bad that he couldn't make out the photographs. I explained what they looked like then. He was going to die very soon and he was in painful shape. Here was this man, lonely and sick, and he had two sons and he'd spent his whole life closing himself away from them. He'd never been generous with them. He said to me, 'They're able to take care of themselves now. They're successful men on their own.' But he was deeply troubled at the end about what he had done."

Brundage's sons benefited relatively little from their father's vast wealth. In addition to reaching the estate settlement of \$62,500 each, Avery got \$105,601.63 and Gary \$119,142.25 when the trust fund terminated upon Gary's 25th birthday in 1977. But because of their silence,

it is impossible to say how they really feel about their father's treatment of them. A clue comes from Rueggesser, who met the sons for the first time in Honolulu in early 1979. "Perhaps we were all a little frightened of meeting each other after all those years," he says, "but when they came to my hotel room I found them to be delightful, openhearted people. I expected a pair of bitter individuals, but they had a better attitude toward A.B. than I did. We talked for a long time about him, and they were happy to know what A.B. was like."

It would have taken a great deal of telling to relate what he was really like. He was enigmatic in the extreme, almost entirely unpredictable—even unknowable—in both his private life and his work.

At the 1948 Winter Olympics in St. Moritz, the four-man American bobsled was discovered to have been sabotaged—the bolts had been loosened. Once it was repaired, Brundage declared, "The sled

needs testing. I'll ride it down myself." Glasses taped to his balding head and still wearing a business suit, he pulled on a crash helmet, took a seat on the sled and zoomed to the bottom.

Always one to trust his first impression, Brundage referred to his handshakes as "feelers," contact that produced enormous—and instantaneous—amounts of information about people. Once in the 1940s, he shook hands with Ernest Hemingway and disliked him at first touch. Brundage pronounced his verdict: "He probably won't last long."

His religious preferences were unusual, too. He had left the Anglican Church in the mid-1940s and became a Taoist, a consequence of his passion for Oriental art, a preoccupation that led him to acquire exquisite collections of more than 6,000 Shang, Tang, Sung and Ming dynasty pieces. The Brundage Collection is valued at more than \$70 million today and is exhibited in the Asian Art Museum of San Francisco.

Whatever the intensity of his interest in the Orient, the mystical precepts of Taoism constitute an unlikely credo for the authoritarian rock of ages Brundage always appeared to be. Yet, oddly enough, he flatly rejected Confucianism, because, as he once told a friend, "it teaches a very harsh, moral, restricted approach to life."

Whether Brundage ever got himself in full harmony with the metaphysics of the Tao—which is defined as "the creative principle that orders the Universe," is not known, but while he lived, he did surround himself with an opulence that manifestly was not metaphysical.

Indeed, his penchant for acquisition and luxury might have been considered vulgar had he not displayed a fairly constant sense of good taste. He traveled like a king, paying his own way on Olympic business to the tune of more than \$50,000 a year. Limousines whisked him about almost every city he visited, and he often took the royal or presidential suite at four-star



Brundage once compared the pains of race walking to the "pangs of childbirth."



hotels. He liked to hobnob with royalty and heads of state, as if they and he were equals. Indeed, his longtime power over the IOC was sometimes thought to be in the various rajahs, princes, counts and kings whom he recruited for IOC membership. Among his royal allies were King Constantine of Greece, Prince Gholam Pahlavi of Iran (the late shah's half-brother), Sultan Burwano IX of Indonesia, Prince Takeda of Japan and Prince Alexandre de Merode of Belgium.

Brundage always provided the very best accommodations and amenities for himself and IOC royalty, but his preferences when it came to clothing and food were modest. It was almost laughable to see the imperious head of the IOC in a frayed black suit and greasy derby. He may have stayed in the best hotels, but when he checked in, he carried a briefcase and one small, battered bag containing a few clean shirts.

His eating habits were quite simple, too. He usually preferred fresh fruit at 7:15 a.m., sliced tomatoes at 1 p.m. and meat and vegetables at eight. He stuck to this regimen no matter how late he had been out the night before.

La Pineta, his California estate, was located in Montecito, a lovely wooded suburb of Santa Barbara. His 15-room Spanish-style mansion was secluded behind high stone walls. The five-circled Olympic flag often flew over it. One guest bathroom was lined with zebra skins, and the Brundages sometimes used 12-inch solid jade plates at meals. Although he had given the bulk of his Oriental collection to San Francisco in 1959, he kept a priceless assortment of perhaps 1,000 other items. In September of 1964 a forest fire swept through the area and destroyed the mansion, along with all but 60 of the art objects. The disaster moved Brundage to tears.

Also spared was a small collection of vintage occult comic books. Brundage explained that he had obtained them because of his interest in the supernatural. "When I retire I want to do something with extrasensory perception," he once told a friend. "A lot of work needs to be done in that field."

At the peak of his wealth, Brundage was worth between \$20 and \$25 million. He had prospered mightily with his Avery Brundage Company, a construction firm that in 1924, when he was 37, employed 10,000 people and grossed \$16

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## BRUNDAGE continued

million. Brundage lost almost everything in the Depression, paid his debts and began to rebuild his fortune by investing in real estate. Ruesegger, who claims he can account for nearly every dime that Brundage spent in the 25 years (1950-75) he worked for him, estimates that during Brundage's best years his income was \$400,000 a month. Yet Ruesegger adds, "A.B. wasn't a shrewd businessman

and his sense of direction for a time. "He had a holy fear of being alone then," Ruesegger recalls.

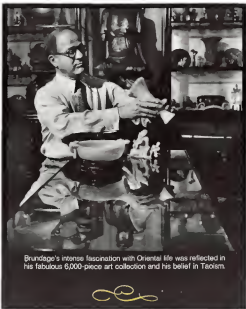
"The Olympic movement had been his life," says the IOC's Berlioux. "He kept on turning up at his [former] IOC office in Lausanne, answering calls, reading correspondence. He simply could not believe it was finished. It was a bit embarrassing for Lord Killanin.

unusual high-boned facial structure. She is an athletic woman, with a long manly stride and an ingratiating presence. Donald Pate, a Santa Barbara insurance millionaire with whom she began living shortly after Brundage died, only later to be sued by her over their financial dealings, says, "The woman has great charm, vivacious as hell. She dominates any room she's in. Can play up to a man like nobody I ever saw. I'd call her an exhausting woman, though."

Whatever her charms, Brundage was smitten with her. He was 85 and she 36 when they married in the summer of 1973, but it seems they had actually known each other for many years. Indeed, Princess Reuss recalled that she had first met Brundage in 1955, when she was 19, during some kind of international meeting in Munich. It seemed that her godfather, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg and a member of the IOC, was the same age as Brundage—they'd known each other in 1912 at the Stockholm Olympics—and he had wanted her to meet the famous IOC president. She and Brundage met once more, in 1959, again with her godfather, and then several times between 1970 and 1972 during preparations for the Munich Olympics.

Mariann Reuss was born in Berlin on July 29, 1936. Her ancestors had once ruled the tiny German principality of Reuss, which her family always described as being "so small that one couldn't wear a hat without crossing the border." Reuss ceased to exist after World War I, and Mariann has never visited the area in East Germany where the principality was located. Her father, Prince Heinrich XXXVII, was a career military officer—a general in the Wehrmacht—whom Hitler dismissed in 1944 because of his ties to the royal houses of Europe. When the Soviet Union invaded eastern Germany a year later, Mariann and her brother fled to live with their grandmother near Munich. "We had no clothes, and my brother and I would run around the American soldiers begging for food," Princess Reuss recalls. "We never suffered, though, for we were happy inside." She was reunited with her parents several months later, and in 1952 she came to the U.S. as an American Field Service student in Georgetown, Del. After returning to Germany, she graduated from an in-

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Brundage's intense fascination with Oriental life was reflected in his fabulous 6,000-piece art collection and his belief in Taoism.

as long as I knew him. He listened to too many other people. As soon as he had a few dollars, he would convert them to little buddhas. I made millions for him, and I did most of it without his involvement."

In his 20 years as IOC president, Brundage paid little attention to business. The travel, the sybaritic emoluments, the homage he was paid, the endless hours he worked were a tonic to him. After his retirement following the Olympic massacre in Munich, he lost both his vitality

"He would call me from Geneva and ask me to keep him company. I would just wander through the streets with him, aimlessly, for hours on end. He would not speak much. He was totally lost. He was desperately lonely."

It was at this moment, when Brundage most needed companionship, that Princess Reuss became a permanent part of his life. A descendant of German royalty, she is a tall woman with close-cropped blonde hair and a striking and

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## BRUNDAGE continued

terpreter's school in Munich and began working as a translator at international conferences. She also was employed as a secretary in both France and Greece, and she spent a year in New York City working for First National City Bank.

In March of 1970 she signed on as an interpreter for the Munich Olympic Organizing Committee. About the time the Games began, she briefly lost that job for what has been described as "disorderly conduct," Berlioux says. "She was drinking a lot. I pitied her because I knew she had to work for her living. She appealed to me. I promised if I could save her I would do it. I went to Mr. Brundage and told him maybe he could have a word with Willi Daume [then the president of the Olympic Organizing Committee] Brundage did, and they kept Mariann." Rueggesser also played a role in her reinstatement. With such influential help, she got her job back, and she spent some time with Brundage during the remainder of the Games. However, those familiar with Brundage's social life during the Munich Olympics say he was usually occupied with a onetime U.S. swimmer whom he had personally invited to be his consort there.

After the Games, Princess Reuss sent Brundage an 85th birthday card, but she did not see much of him until February of 1973, at a gala Munich dance called *Ball des Sports*. Cheek-to-cheek, Avery and the Princess swept about the dance floor, and a sensationalist German newspaper immediately predicted that they would be engaged. The paper proved to be correct. With Brundage's help, she got released from her contract at a Munich clothing factory, where she had been doing menial work, and in early May visited him in Chicago. After five weeks of travel, they returned to Chicago, and on June 11, 1973 Brundage announced their engagement at a press conference in his office that apparently caught Princess Reuss unawares. "It all came as a complete surprise to me," she says. "I didn't even have a chance to have my hair done." Brundage had called the bride-to-be's mother in Germany to tell her, but he had withheld the news from Mariann until the last moment. On June 20 they were married in a civil ceremony in Garmisch-Partenkirchen. But only hours before the nuptials took place, a marriage agreement was signed in which the Princess promised that she would "fir-

ever relinquish, release, waive and discharge all rights and claims" to Brundage's estate by reason of the marriage. This sort of premarital document is rather common among millionaires—especially aged ones marrying much younger spouses—and Mariann had no objection to signing it.

On July 28 the Brundages were married again in a lavish church ceremony in the German hamlet of Grainsau. Two noble children, a niece and a nephew of the Princess, strewed rose petals along the aisle as the couple walked to the altar. Brundage had asked Rueggesser to be his best man, but Rueggesser had replied archly, "I will do no such thing," and refused even to attend. Indeed, when Brundage had first told him of the engagement, Rueggesser had said, "Mr. Brundage, I have one message for you: there is no fool like an old fool." Therefore, Daume did the honors. The choir sang *Lobet Gott den Herrn* (Praise the Lord) and the bride wept for happiness.

**T**he reception, a buffet and dance, took place at the Kursal, a large entertainment and recreation center, and when the newlyweds entered, the brass band struck up *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. There were about 300 guests, including Lord Killanin and other aristocrats and dignitaries. But many members of the IOC staff, including Berlioux, who thought "the whole thing was a farce," were more notable by their absence. After the wedding the couple honeymooned to the Land of the Midnight Sun. "Mariann and I shall know how to keep warm," Brundage said during a stop in Tromsø, Norway. "After all, we are not newlyweds for nothing."

The marriage was apparently idyllic at first. Avery called Mariann Fussy Face or Monkey Face. They moved into a luxurious, \$200,000 five-room apartment in Garmisch-Partenkirchen with a marvelous view of the Bavarian Alps. They traveled a good deal, most often to Chicago or California. But the travels ended for a while, in January 1974, when he underwent an operation for cataracts.

But by Rueggesser's description, the life of the new Mr. and Mrs. Brundage was hardly what it seemed. Rueggesser testified against the Princess during the suit involving the money she and Pat had spent when they were living together after Brundage's death. Princess Reuss

won despite Rueggesser's attempt to characterize her as a foul-mouthed, heavy-drinking spendthrift. For example, Rueggesser said that when he visited Brundage at the Munich clinic where he had undergone the cataract operation, her vodka bottles littered the floor of the room and that Brundage was in a "terrible mental state." Rueggesser said that Berlioux was also present when the old man, his eyes still bandaged, pleaded that as soon as he could see, Rueggesser should "come to Germany and pick him up because he was scared to travel alone with his poor eyesight."

Asked about Brundage's monthly expenditures before and after his marriage to the Princess, Rueggesser told the court, "When it was an Olympic year, it was more, but generally speaking it was \$7,500 a month maximum." After the wedding, he said, monthly expenditures were so high that "the ship was sinking fast."

Rueggesser described the marriage as "a disaster zone" and said that Brundage's financial affairs "matched" the same state. He claimed that an average of more than \$85,000 a month had been spent in one 15-month period, including \$300,000 paid for jewelry that was later appraised at half that amount. "I informed him in March [1975] that he was bankrupt or near bankrupt," said Rueggesser. However, Rueggesser did admit that this situation—a cash-flow problem, really—was as much the result of economic conditions in the U.S. as of the marriage.

Princess Reuss' testimony was quite different. For one thing, she didn't recall any vodka bottles on the floor of Brundage's room. But she did concede that her alcoholic intake then could be quite prodigious. She acknowledged that she kept vodka in the freezer so that it could be poured "syrup-like" into the glass. She admitted that at one time it was her routine to have a drink before lunch, then sherry or wine at lunch, afternoon cocktails and finally wine with dinner, followed by a postprandial brandy. As for Rueggesser's description of their lifestyle, she disagreed with his estimate of the Brundages' monthly expenses, adding, "It wasn't my money. If he spent that money, I don't know."

In fact, there is little doubt that the money was spent and that the Brundages lived very well. But Rueggesser's fig-

continued

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ures are misleading because he averaged not only the one-time cost of the wedding, but also the price of the apartment and the jewelry into the monthly expenses. Regarding these "tangible assets," Judge Patrick McMahon of the Santa Barbara County Superior Court said, "I disregarded that large figure just for that reason." Princess Reuss' attorney suggested that a more accurate figure was in the "mid-to-low \$20,000" range.

After Brundage had recovered from his eye operation, he and the Princess began traveling again, this time to Malaysia and Japan. Looking back on her marriage, Princess Reuss said recently, "It's like someone had come to open the world to me. He wanted to show me all the beautiful things in life. He introduced me to Oriental art and the theater in London and, of course, there were all the trips. He was a man who knew what he wanted, and one you very rarely find in life. We complemented one another. Age was absolutely no problem."

In late April 1975, Brundage entered a Garmisch hospital for treatment of a heavy cough and the flu, and while in the hospital, his heart failed. On May 8, 1975 he died. He was 87 years old.

The Princess flew back to Chicago with his coffin, and at the funeral she wept. Rueggesser had not seen his old friend for two months before he died, and he was sad about it. "He must have been so pitiful at the end," Rueggesser says. "He said he was going to die and he wanted to thank me and say goodbye. He asked for me, but I never got the message. After he died, people asked, 'Why didn't you come? He wanted you.' I hadn't known."

In his will Brundage left \$6,000 a month for life to both Princess Mariann and Rueggesser. He bequeathed his Olympic papers, medals and memorabilia to the University of Illinois, \$100,000 to the Chicago Art Institute and, as noted, his art collection to the city and county of San Francisco. He left not a cent to his two sons or to their mother.

Brundage once said, "When I'm gone, there's nobody rich enough, thick-skinned enough and smart enough to take my place, and the Games will be in tremendous trouble." Now he's gone. The Games are indeed in trouble, but it is doubtful that a man with the dim and shifting values of Avery Brundage could have done much to help them. **END**

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## 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

# THE READERS TAKE OVER

**CARLTON BY McGARVER**  
Sir,

Tim McCarver's tribute to his former batterymate (*Lefty Has the Right Approach*, July 21) was well deserved. As a longtime friend of both, I have spent hundreds of hours with them in lobby and pub sectors—always spirited encounters. "Lefty" is visceral, bright, intuitive, making my visits with him more than just another memory.

VINCENT DE PAUL HURLEY  
Houston

Sir,

Steve Carlton's accomplishments as a pitcher are indeed outstanding. The truly amazing point, however, is that he plays in Philadelphia and has been able to achieve all of his heroics for the Phillies. I am sure Steve understands the pathos of being a Philadelphia sports fan and as a result he has therefore lost his voice. A little warning, however! If the Phillies or the Eagles ever was their respective championships, the celebration in Philly will make the Boston Tea Party look like a Tupperware party for cloistered monks.

ELUGEN J. MAGINNIS JR.  
Philadelphia

**ULTRALIGHT FLIGHT**

Sir,

I enjoyed your article on ultralight airplanes (*It's a Bird, It's a Plane, It's a...!*, July 21). How can I order a kit for an ultralight?

JOHN HARDHAM  
Hockessin, Del.

• The Hang Gliders Manufacturers Association, 13620 Satcoy, Van Nuys, Calif. 91402, cannot fill specific orders but will distribute requests to the various manufacturers.—ED

**MAN NOT MYTH**

Sir,

That was an excellent inside story on Chuck Noll (*Man Not Myth*, July 21). Although he does pass the credit, he is the bottom line for Pittsburgh's outstanding team.

GARY BOARDMAN  
Pittsburgh

Sir,

Thank you for sharing everything I ever wanted to know about Chuck Noll but local sportswriters were afraid to ask. When it comes to the best coach of the finest football team ever—it's Noll's contendere.

ROY GISEMAN  
Pittsburgh

**DISAPPOINTED OLYMPIANS**

Sir,

In *Detour on the High Road* (July 21), I particularly liked the piece on Peter Schnugg.

It brought back memories of how tough an opponent he was.

He and I played on the same high school "all-league" water polo team in 1968, and Peter and Jon Svendsen (another Olympic team member) were the class of the league.

STEPHEN A. THATCHER  
New York City

**DAYTONA FIRECRACKER**

Sir,

Bob Ottum's article on the Firecracker 400 race (*They Had a Blast at Daytona*, July 14) was superb. It made me smell, see and hear the arena of stock car racing. And remember, there are a lot of race fans out here, Sir.

A. B. HENRY JR.  
Alexandria, Va.

**BAD NEWS BEANBALLS**

Sir,

While reading Steve Wulf's article (*They're Up in Arms Over Beanballs*, July 14), I was reminded of a similar incident in a Little League game, which I was umpiring. A youngster, hit by a pitch, and having watched too much TV, charged the mound. I ended up throwing him out before he could get hold of the pitcher, who was running for his life. "Beanballs" happen all the time in Little League. I think the pro players, hitters and pitchers alike, are to blame, and maybe fights wouldn't break out in major league games if the major-leaguers wouldn't act like Little Leaguers.

MARTIN PELZER  
Globe, Ariz.

**THE KNIFEMAKER**

Sir,

The article on knifemaker R.W. Loveless (*On the Cutting Edge*, July 14) was both a joy and a surprise for me. However, there are a few things that bothered me. Bob Loveless' opinion is that collectors are rich, greedy fools who look at knives as a status symbol or merely something to show off. The author seems to have gotten this impression, too. As a collector, I have to say that this conception is unfounded. Collectors of knives are doing the same as the man who buys a Picasso or a Ferrari. That man could just as well buy a \$14.95 wall mural at Sears, Roebuck or a used 1969 Chevy for \$300. But he wants something he can be proud of, something he can look at with total, shining admiration.

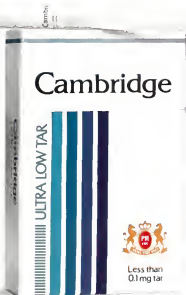
ANDY SWANSON  
Yorkville, Ill.

Address editorial mail to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

A hand holds a single, upright Budweiser beer can in the center-left of the frame. The can is white with red and blue accents, featuring the Budweiser logo and text including "12 FL. OZ. (355 mL)", "Budweiser", "LAGER BEER", and "Brewed by our original recipe using the finest Pilsner Beer and Best Water". The can is surrounded by a chaotic, dense sea of crushed and flattened beer cans, creating a textured, almost abstract background of metal and liquid splatters. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the hand and the can it holds.

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